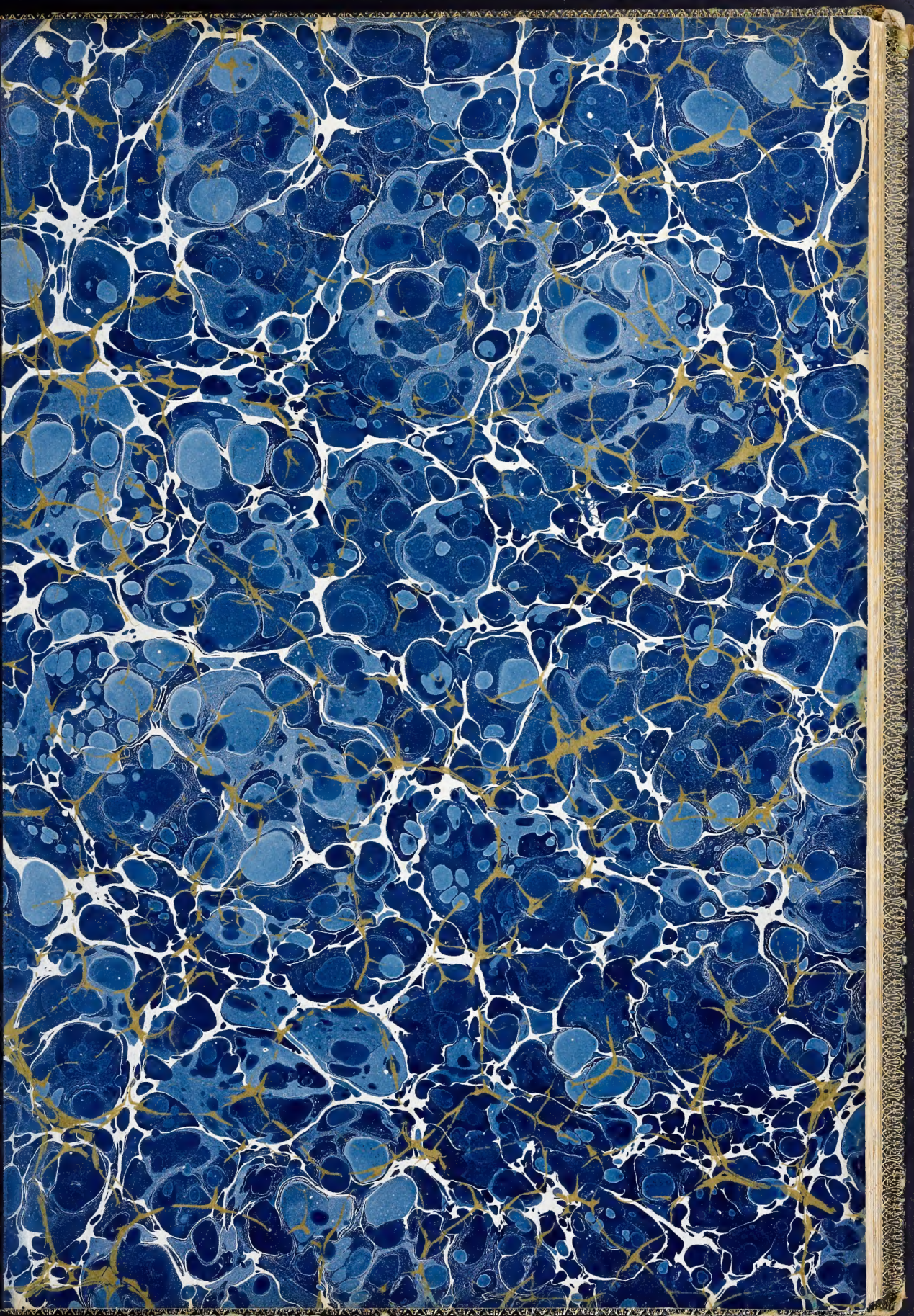


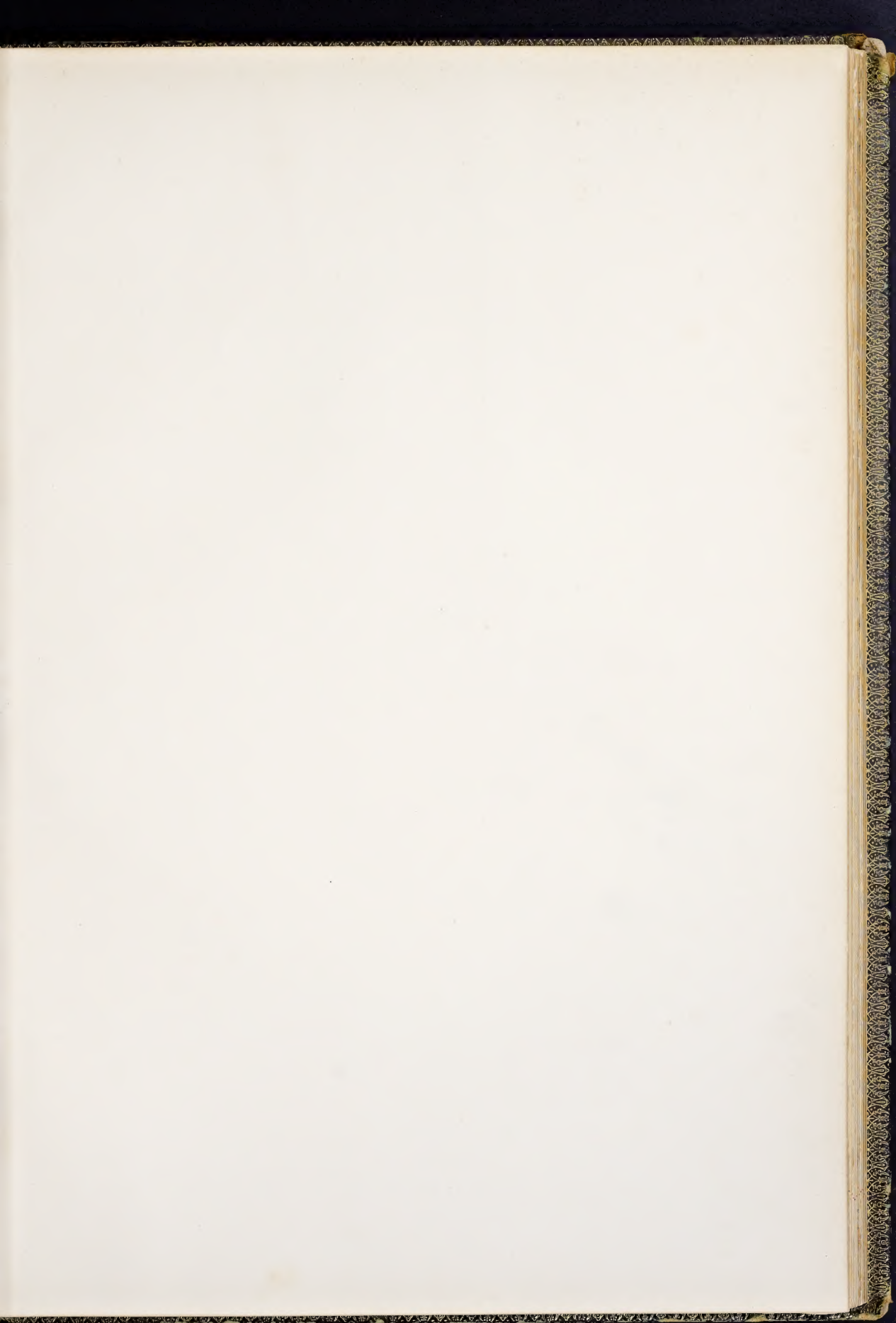
GÉROME



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OF THE

*WORKS OF J. L. GÉROME IN ONE
HUNDRED PHOTOGRAVURES*

EDITED BY EDWARD STRAHAN

NEW YORK
SAMUEL L. HALL
757 BROADWAY
1881

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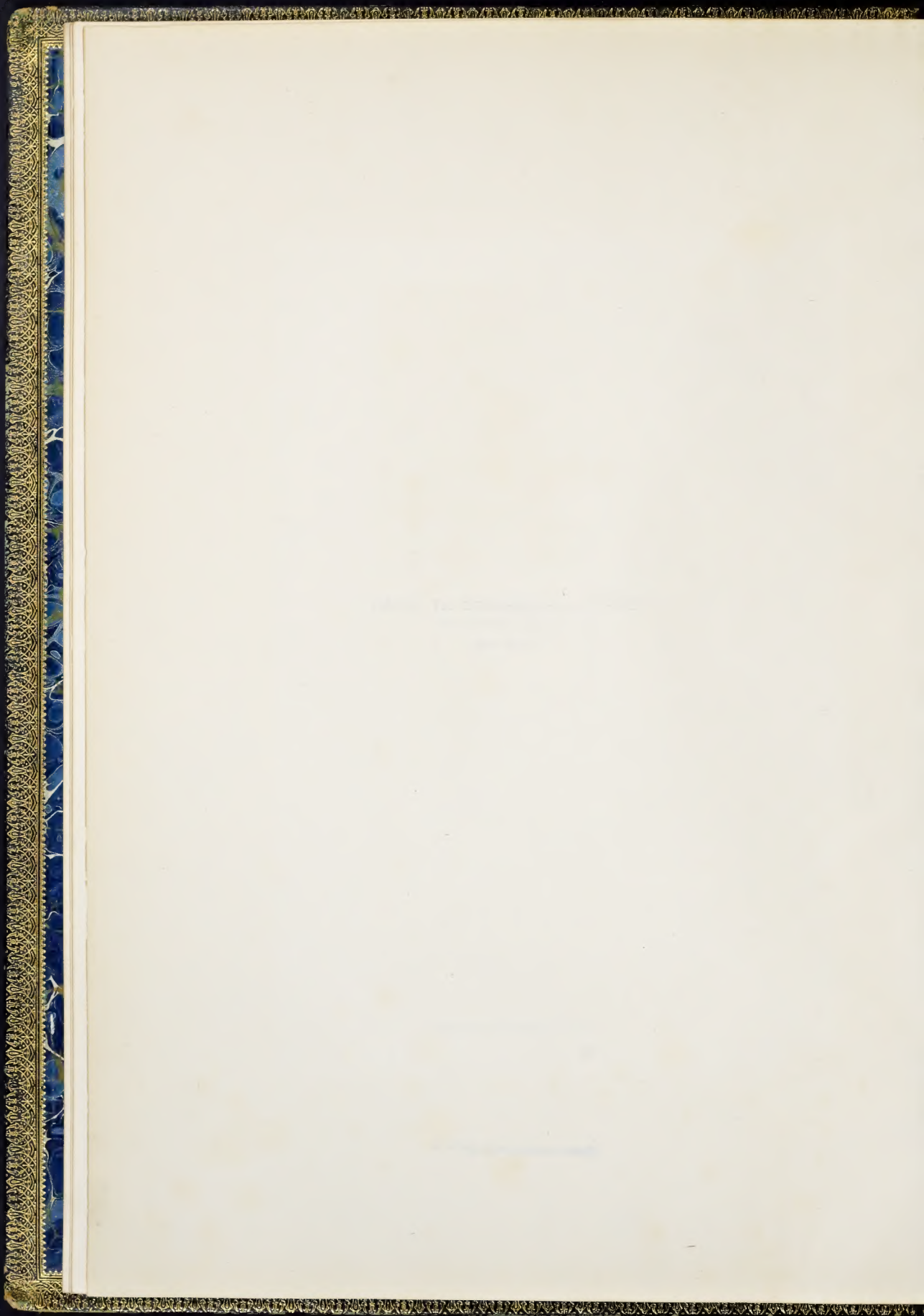
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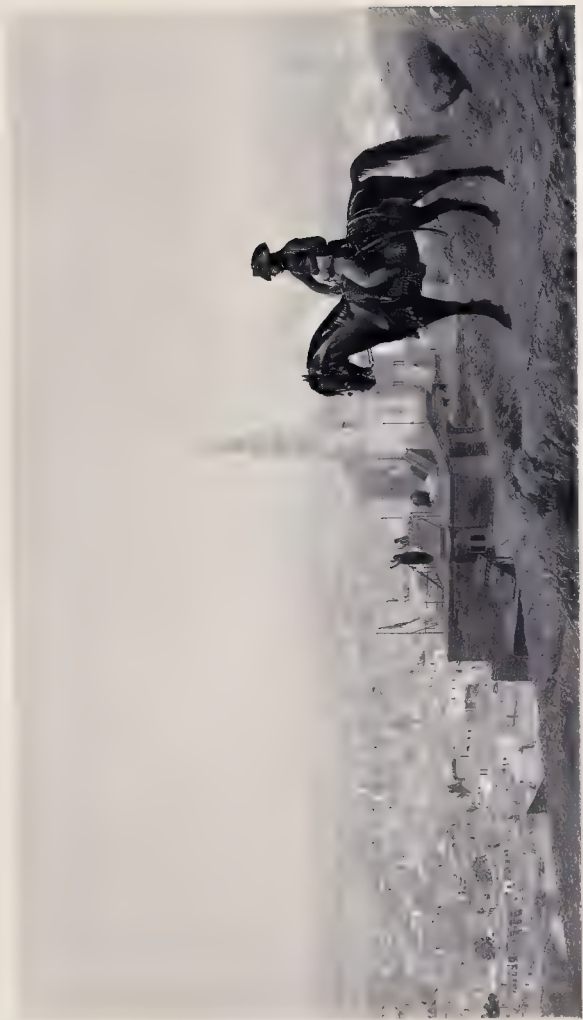
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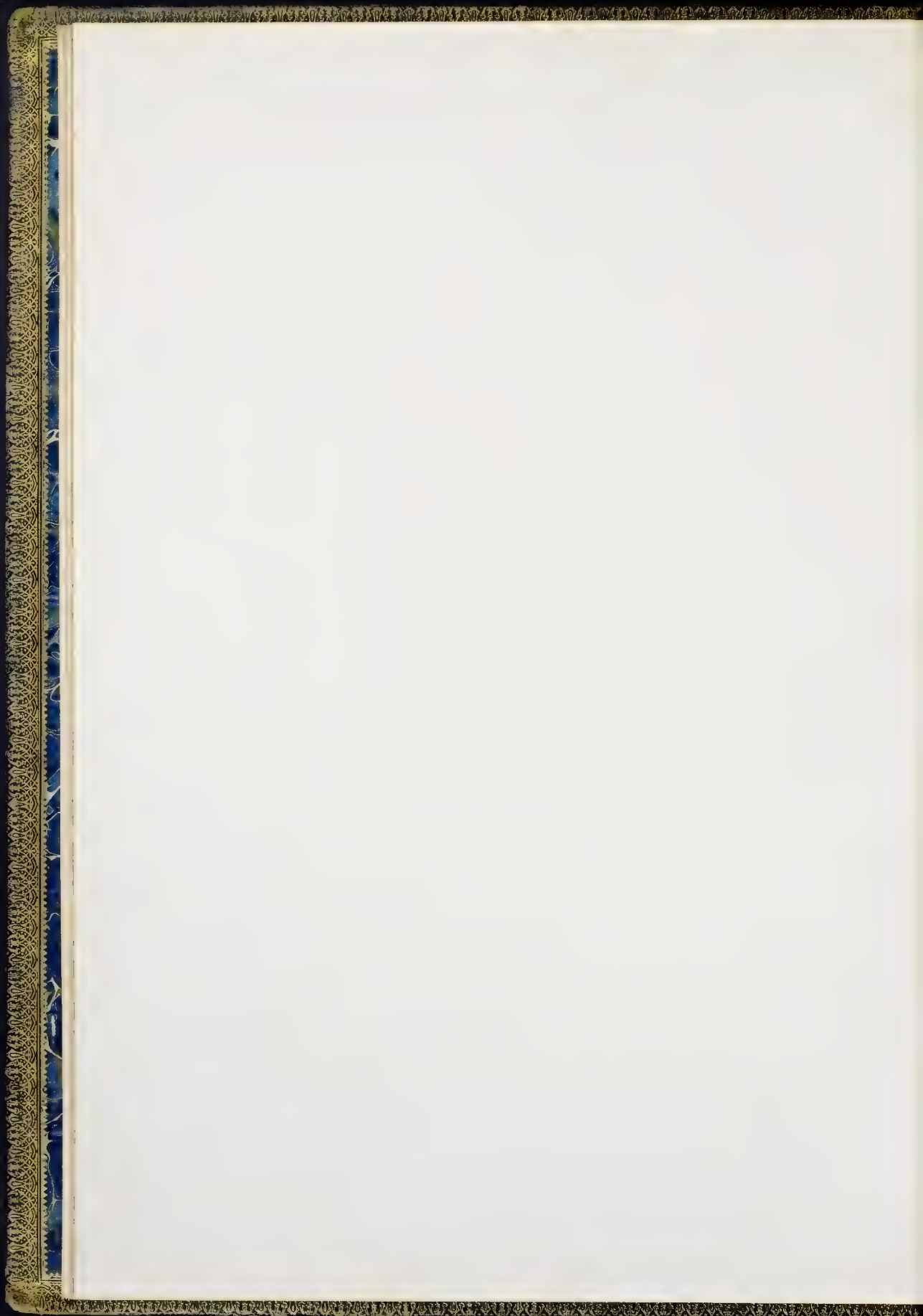
GENERAL BONAPARTE AT CAIRO

PAINTED 1808





THE TOWN OF ST. JOHN'S



GENERAL BONAPARTE AT CAIRO.



NOTHER souvenir of M. Gérôme's voyage to Egypt. Indeed, the ghost of the great captain of the French Revolution is one of the most potent even of those mighty ones who walk on the historic banks of the Nile. To a Frenchman and a painter, the memory of General Bonaparte and the expedition to Egypt must have been ever present; and for the tourist, standing on this rocky slope overlooking Cairo, in the evening glow there might well ride up, unbidden, the figure of that slender young man who

Kléber declared was "as great as the world." The picture composes itself, and is a page of the romance of history. The black horse and his trappings are of this land of the sun, but the rider, who dominates both land and horse, comes from beyond the sea, is Giaour and infidel, and grasps his mastery with the easy assumption of genius. And his imperious presence does not seem at all incongruous in this land of Pharaoh and Cæsar. The steed champs his bit and flings his head impatiently up and down, but the horseman does not stir, and his level glance searching the future, sees that splendid Empire of the East which is to rise on the ruins of the dismembered Mussulman states, but does not discern the fatal walls of St. Jean d'Acre, before which the gorgeous dream is to be shattered forever. The city stretches beneath him, broad and

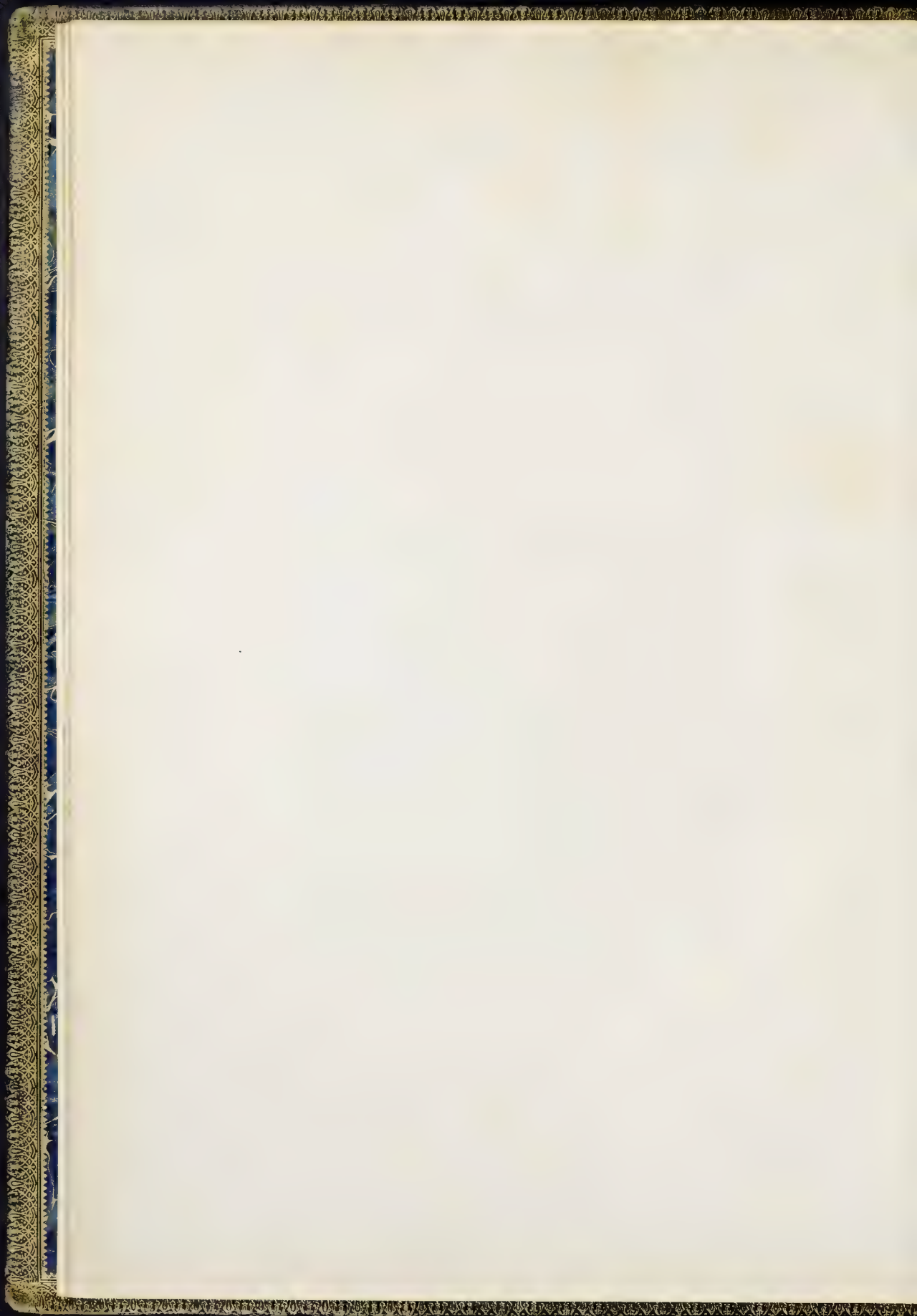
GENERAL BONAPARTE AT CAIRO.

silent, its expanse of flat roofs broken at intervals by slender minarets and lofty white domes; the inhabitants have just begun to ascend to the tops of their houses after the heat of the day; one negress, seated on a distant parapet, looks up wonderingly at him whom her compatriots have already named Sultan of Fire, and, somewhat nearer, two idle dogs regard him with uplifted ears. Horse and man are admirably drawn and solidly painted—what the French call “well encamped”—and seem perfectly alert, life-like, and capable. After the abandonment of the proposed invasion of England in 1798, Bonaparte persuaded the Directory to listen favorably to his proposal to strike that implacable foe of the Revolutionary government in Egypt, on her highway to India. Even during his campaigns in Italy he had turned his particular attention to the Mediterranean; he had created a sort of navy there; in the partition of the Venetian States he had reserved the Greek islands for France; he had set on foot intrigues in Malta, in the hope of wresting that island from the knights and from the English; and, finally, he had frequently extended his views to Egypt, as the intermediate point which France ought to occupy between Europe and Asia, to secure either the commerce of the Levant or that of India. When making the tour of the sea-coasts, inspecting the armaments that were preparing against England, he had his carriage filled with books and papers concerning the land of the Pyramids, forwarded to him from Paris, at his request, by M. de Talleyrand. Thiers says “he had a confused glimpse of an immense future. To penetrate into these countries of light and glory, where Alexander and Mohammed had conquered and founded empires, to make them ring with his name, and to send it back to France, repeated by the echoes of Asia—this was to him an intoxicating prospect.” And how nearly he succeeded in accomplishing this tremendous exploit is matter of history; how, in those wonderful battles of infantry against cavalry, where the most desperate courage of the most desperate horsemen of Mourad Bey only availed to carry them through the thin ranks of the French squares, and die on the sand inside at the imperturbable feet of Desaix, he broke forever the Mameluke power in Egypt. But for the obstinacy and skill of an English admiral of the heroic name of Smith, behind the defences of St. Jean d’Acre, the fortunes of both the East and the West might have been different in the histories.

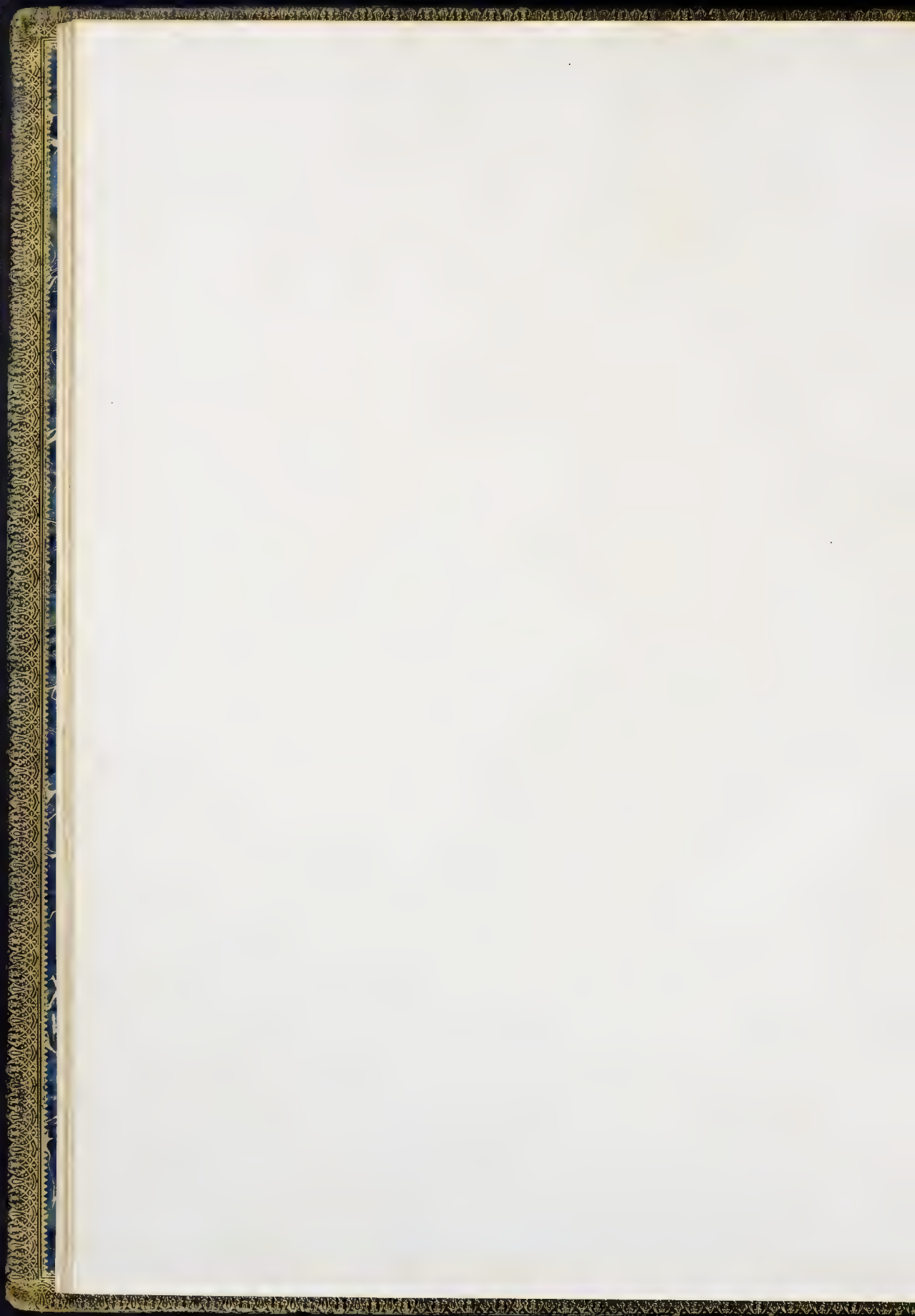
CHESSEPLAYERS

BY J. H. BURN

THE BEECHER & CO. PRINTED, LONDON







CHESS PLAYERS.



COMPLETE list of Gérôme's paintings would almost indicate that his alert and fertile mind had made a foray into nearly every province in which the curious and questioning modern intellect is interested, and had brought back from each a clever canvas to bear witness to his skill as a painter, and to the extent of his reading. And from his list of possible "subjects," the noble game of chess could scarcely have been omitted entirely; and if his travels had happened to have been pushed farther Eastward, we can scarcely

doubt but that he would have chosen to depict it in its native home in far Hindustan. As it is, he finds his stage in this narrow little by-street in the dominions of the Sultan, and the players in these swarthy and white-petticoated true-believers. Their pieces are of very simple forms, for the Muslim is forbidden by his religion to make any image of anything that has life, but their interest in their game is felt, rather than seen, by the spectator, and is sufficient to make them worthy of this "most purely intellectual of all games of skill." Two of their comrades look on, one of them propping himself against the corner of the wall, and even the huge negro, smoking in the foreground, turns his black countenance toward them in a dubious state between interest and inertia. The four long-barrelled guns hung and stacked against the low wall, and the closed rectangular window serve to connect the two groups; the grape-vine, trailing over the building, lends

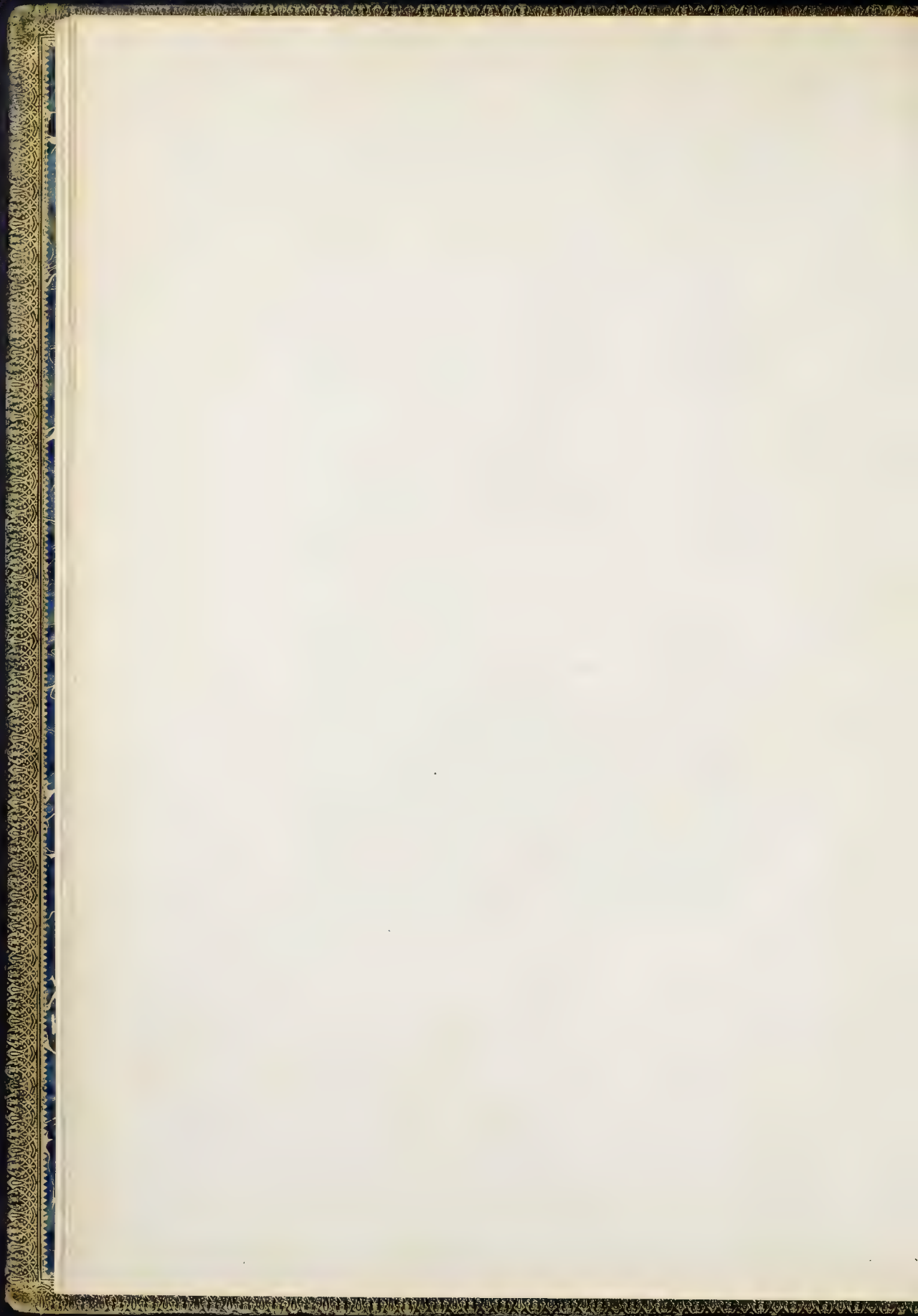
CHESS PLAYERS

a decorative "motif;" and, in the distance, the two graceful spires of the minarets lift the eye upward. The four figures around the chess-board are admirable studies of impassive but earnest attention, each of them strongly individualized, and the ebony smoker in the foreground is a triumph of the painter's skill, with his swarthy and naked arms and legs, the immaculate whiteness of his skirts, and the misshapen blackness of his face, like that of a Jinn. The fire in the bowl of his pipe is still alive, but in that of the nearest player it has become extinct—the mimic battle is drawing to its close, and the interest in it is very keen. To the right of the picture the narrow street penetrates into the unknown background; there are no passers-by, the few figures in the canvas have all the scene to themselves, and there is not a sound nor a movement among them, but the life, the interest, the excitement that is in them are most vividly felt. It is in this subtle skill of depicting a hidden thing that the genius of Gérôme so often proclaims itself; and all the training of all the schools will never give it to a painter if he have it not in him.

In the East the game of chess is played in various ways, the travellers report, and it was probably the Arabs, who, in the eighth century, introduced it into Spain and the rest of Western Europe. Into Constantinople and some other cities of the East the game may have been imported at a period earlier than its conveyance into Spain. In England it seems to have been known prior to the Norman Conquest. Where it originally came from no one knows, but it is believed that, under the Sanskrit name of *Chaturanga*, a game essentially the same was played in Hindustan nearly five thousand years ago. From Hindustan it spread into Persia and thence into Arabia. In its gradual diffusion through the world, in succeeding ages, the game has undergone many alterations and modifications, both in nature and in name; but marked traces of its early Asiatic origin and descent are still discerned by the learned in its nomenclature and other characteristics. In the "Arabian Nights" it appears frequently, as when the Second Royal Mendicant, transformed into an ape by 'Efreet Jarjarees, plays with the King.

THE PRISONER

THE PRISONER THE PRISONER OF WAR







THE PRISONER.



ROCLAMATION went out through the streets of Bagdad, in the time of the Caliph Haroun-Er-Rasheed: "Whosoever desireth to amuse himself by seeing the crucifixion of Jaafar El-Barnekee, the Vizier of the Caliph, and the crucifixion of his kinsmen, at the gate of the Caliph's palace, let him come forth and amuse himself." For only last night, on one of those disguised nocturnal rambles of which he was so fond, the Caliph, and Jaafar, and Mesroor (the chief of the eunuchs), found a poor fisherman wandering on the banks of the Tigris, who had cast his nets all day and drawn up nothing, and was now returning disconsolately, "hating himself and wishing for death." And Haroun-Er-Rasheed said to him, "Wilt thou return with us to the river, and cast thy net for luck? If thou wilt do so, I will purchase of thee whatever cometh up for a hundred pieces of gold." So the fisherman returned with them, cast his net, drew up a chest, locked and heavy, received his gold, and departed. Mesroor and Jaafar took up the chest and carried it to the palace, where they opened it before the Caliph, and found inside a basket of palm leaves sewed up with red worsted, and within that a piece of carpet, and beneath the carpet an "izar," the great veil with which a woman covers her dress, and under the izar "a damsel like molten silver, killed, and cut in pieces." When the Caliph beheld this, tears ran down his cheeks, and, looking toward Jaafar, he exclaimed: "O dog of Viziers, shall people be murdered in my time, and be thrown into the river, and become burdens upon my

THE PRISONER

responsibility? By the truth of my descent from the Caliphs of the sons of El-'Abbās, if thou do not bring to me him who killed this woman, that I may avenge her upon him, I will crucify thee at the gate of my palace, together with forty of thy kinsmen!" And Jaafar has not found the murderer of the damsel, and this three days of grace have expired, and all Bagdad may see him conveyed across the Tigris on the morning of the fourth day, to meet his doom at the gate of the palace, "together with forty of his kinsmen." The same person who, as Fakhr-ed-Deen tells us, read only a few days back in the register of the palace of the Caliph—"Four hundred thousand pieces of gold, the price of a dress of honor for Jaafar, the son of Yahyā, the Vizier," shall read there to-morrow, beneath it, this written: "Ten keerāts, the price of naphtha and reeds for burning the body of Jaafar, the son of Yahyā." Gérôme has never literally illustrated the world-famous translations of Galland; but the story of the "Arabian Nights" puts us in the needful harmony with this more modern scene of irresponsible despotism. Even the troubadour soldier, who stings the captive with his mandolin, may remind us of Ibn-El-Kionās, one of the companions of the Caliph, who hated the Vizier because of the affair of the slave-girl Koot-el-Kuloob, as related in full in the chronicles of the Thousand-and-One Nights. Of such an Eastern episode, M. Gérôme has made one of his most celebrated pictures, and one of his most skilful compositions. The unhappy prisoner, whose natural stateliness no ignoring can impair, lies stretched at full length across the boat which carries him on his last voyage; his bare legs are bound with ropes and his hands imprisoned in wooden stocks, while his set visage, seen in foreshortening, reveals only the impassive fortitude of the Oriental. Neither the tender morning sky above him, nor the insolent chanting in his ear, shall move him to any display. The half-naked black slaves pull silently at the heavy oars; the seated guard at the bow of the boat makes neither sound nor stir; only the swirl of the water and the jar of the mocking music disturb the breathless and misty morning air. The painter's skill in composing his situation is nowhere better shown than in this most ingenious composition—every detail of the boat and the figures fit into the harmony of the group, from the most important curves of the anchor to the trailing garments of the musician. The *motion* of the whole equipage is admirably given.

EGYPTIAN CAFE





FIG. 1. THE KITCHEN.

AN EGYPTIAN CAFÉ.



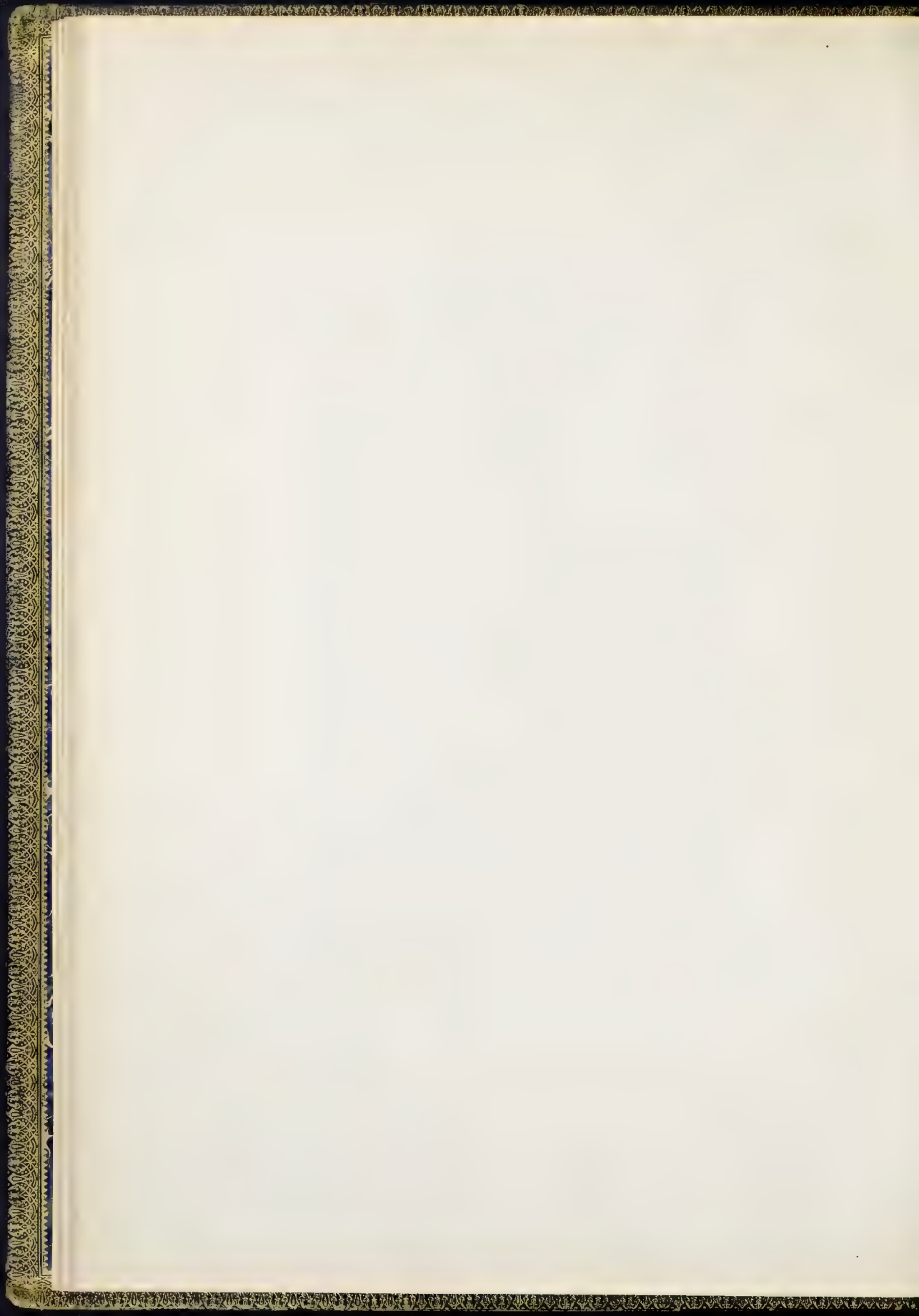
HATEVER may be M. Gérôme's habits in Paris, in Cairo it cannot be doubted but that his favorite haunts are sometimes the reverse of aristocratic. The Eastern "cafés, of which he is so fond, and of one of which he gives us here so familiar and intimate a description, are not patronized by the wealthy Moslems to any extent; but almost entirely by tradesmen and persons of the lower orders. But the delight that the painter takes in their sombre and picturesque interiors is no whit dashed by

the lack of social standing on the part of their guests. Here he admits himself into the inner apartment of the little coffee-shop, where the aromatic beverage is prepared for the customers; the "kahwegee," or attendant, stirs his fire with an occult and attentive aspect, like a magician, and his assistant, seated flat on the floor, grinds the coffee in a mortar which he steadies with his bare feet, and using a preposterously long pestle. Through the open doorway is seen the outer apartment, where the guests are served. One of them, indolent and white-kilted, stretches himself on the mastabah; a second, with his back toward us, talks to him; and a third looks in through the open window. Through this window the sunlight comes in great splashes, and we pass into the brilliant and noisy Eastern street without, thus completing, as it were, the stages of our triumphant journey from the

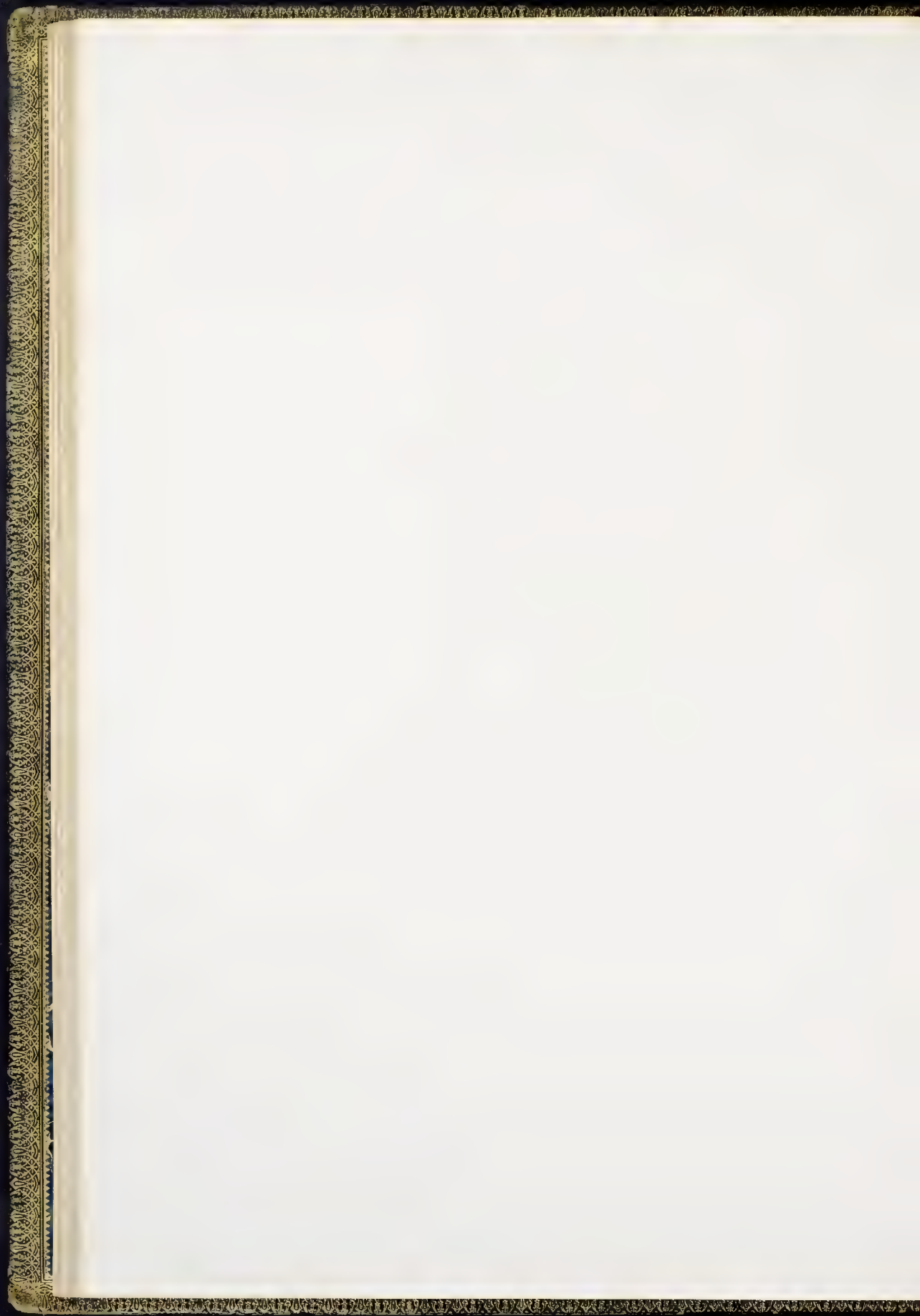
dusky and silent foreground. Such are the skilful tricks of a great painter, even in his most unheroic subjects.

Cairo contains between a thousand and fifteen hundred of these "kahwehs," or coffee-shops, and they generally consist of a small apartment, whose front toward the street is of open wood-work, in the form of arches. Along this front is a "mastabah," or raised seat of stone or brick, two or three feet in height and about the same in width, which is covered with matting, and there are similar seats in the interior on two or three sides. These cafés are most frequented in the afternoon and evening, and the guests generally prefer the exterior mastabah. Each brings with him his own tobacco and pipe, and coffee is served by the kahwegee of the shop at the price of five "faddahs" a cup, or ten for a little "bekreg," or pot of three or four cups. A faddah is the fortieth part of a piastre—that is to say, equal to six twenty-fifths, or nearly a quarter, of a farthing English money. A decoction of ginger, sweetened with sugar, is likewise often sold in these shops, particularly on the nights of festivals. The attendant also keeps two or three kinds of nargilehs, for smoking both the "tumbák," or Persian tobacco, and the hasheesh, or hemp, for hash-eesh is sold at some coffee-shops. Musicians and story-tellers frequent some of the kahwehs, particularly on the evenings of religious festivals. As may be supposed, the coffee served in these shops is of the blackest, and handed round in little cups of *vermeil*, or gilt filigree. The grounds, reduced to the consistency of flour, are always swallowed. The use of this black and bitter beverage, which became common in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia about a century before the introduction of tobacco, doubtless tended to render the habit of drinking wine less general, in providing the true believer with a substitute for that prohibited juice of the grape. That it was adopted as a substitute for wine appears even from its name, "kahweh," an old Arabic term for wine whence the Turkish "kahveh," the Italian "caffé," and our "coffee." As in French, the name of the beverage is applied to the shop in which it is sold, and the attendant's appellation "kahwegee" is a mixture of Turkish and Arabic. Among the more liberal Mohammedans, who occasionally break away from the strict law of the Prophet, brandy is designated by the euphemistic name of "white coffee."

THE HISTORY OF THE
NEW YORK







PRAYER IN THE DESERT.



IVE times in the course of each day the Muslim is required to cease from his avocations, wherever he be, and perform his ablutions and his prayers; and the frequency and sincerity of these devotions have furnished Gérôme with texts for some of his most notable Eastern scenes. In the

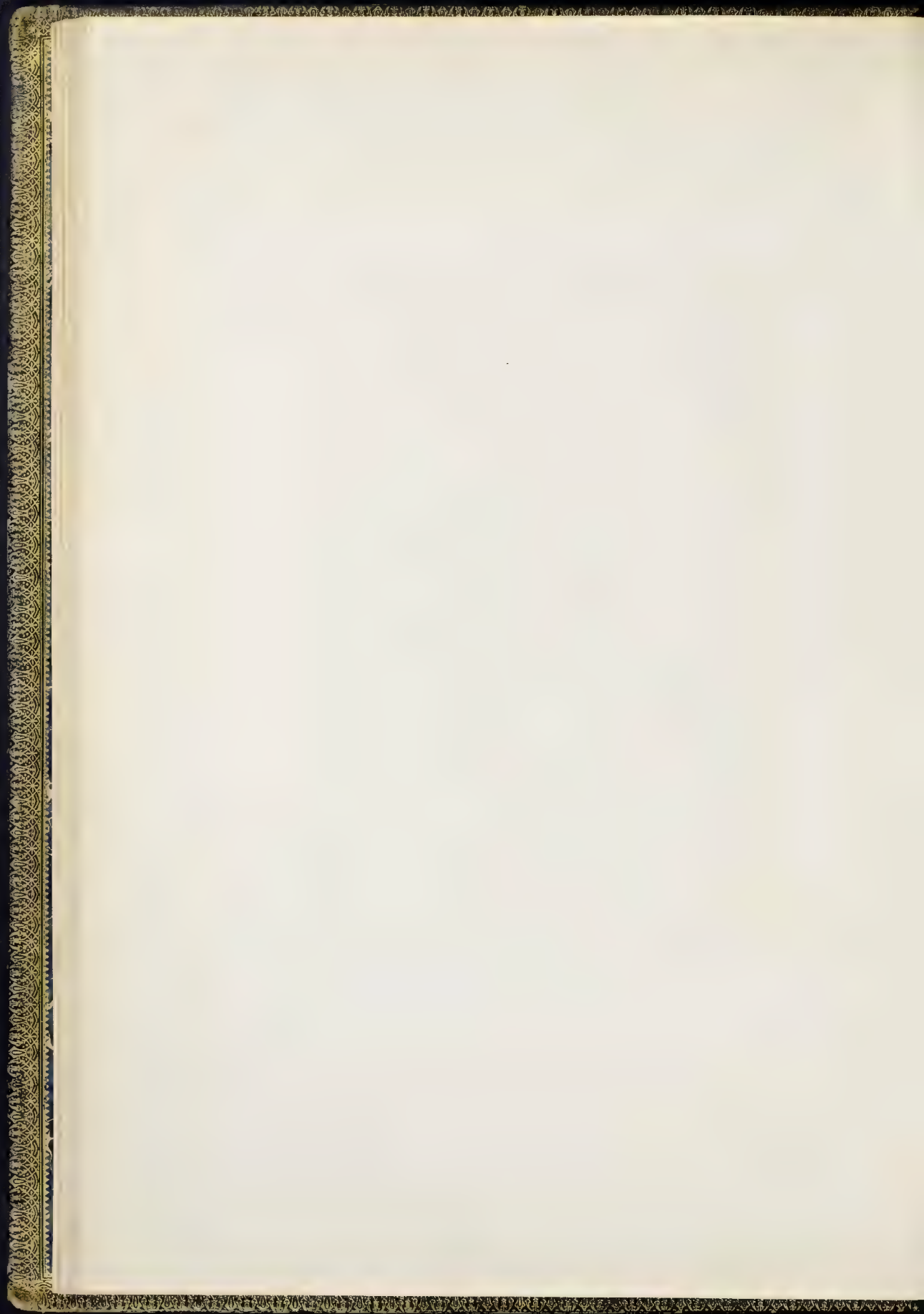
present picture it is the foremost rider of the caravan who, having mounted the sandy slope in the foreground, at the afternoon hour, between the "ásr" and sunset, dismounts from his tired horse, sticks the butt of his long lance in the ground, and spreading his mantle for a carpet, stands barefoot upon it and droops

his hands and his head reverently toward the city of the Prophet. His gray steed (forming a curious right angle in the composition with his master) crops the scanty herbage of the desert; a second rider mounts slowly the hill side, and beyond are two more on the level plain below, which carry the eye to the long curved string of camels stretching away into the sandy desert as far as they can be seen. If we may guess at the geographical situation of the scene from the direction of the level western sunlight, and the way which the prayer faces, Mecca must lie nearly northwest, and the caravan may be supposed to be somewhere in the burning deserts of Arabia Felix. This trifling detail, quite certainly, would not have been neglected by M.

PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

Gérôme's ingenious and painstaking spirit. Far away beyond the farthest camels stretches a mountain range, faint in the distance, and over all is the cloudless and fiery sky of the East. The landscape is one of the painter's simplest, but one of his best; it is full of the heat, and mystery, and remoteness of the desert; the walled cities of men are trackless leagues away, and the distant mountains, misty on the horizon, may be the Mountains of Káf, which form the outermost ridge of the world. These endless plains of shifting sand have not been without their effect on the ardent imagination of the Arab, and he has the authority of more than one wise chronicler, and of the Prophet himself, to confirm him in his belief of the vast spaces of the world. According to Ibn-Munebbih, the inhabited portion of the earth is, with respect to the rest, as a tent in the midst of the desert; and Mohammed asserted that the width, as well as the depth, of the world is equal to five hundred years' journey; allotting the space of two hundred to the sea, two hundred to uninhabited desert, eighty to the country of Yájooj and Májooj (Gog and Magog), and the rest to the remaining creatures. Ptolemy's measurement of the earth is quoted and explained by Ibn-El-Wardee: Its circumference is twenty-four thousand miles, or eight thousand leagues; the league being three miles; the mile, three thousand royal cubits; the cubit, three spans; the span, twelve digits; the digit, five barley-corns placed side by side; and the width of the barley-corn six mule's-hairs. Rather curiously, the Arabs accept the belief of the Greeks in the age of Homer and Hesiod, that the continents and islands of the earth are surrounded by "the Circumambient Ocean;" and this ocean is bounded by a chain of mountains called Káf, which encircle the whole as a ring and confine and strengthen the whole fabric. They are composed of green chrysolite, says the Koran, and Mohammed asserted that they impart the greenish hue to the sky, but on their rocky slopes all human knowledge fails, and only tradition ventures to guess as to what is beyond. Some say that past their borders are other countries; one of gold, seventy of silver, and seven of musk, all inhabited by angels, and each country ten thousand years' journey in length and the same in breadth. Some say that beyond them are creatures unknown to any but God; but the general opinion is, that the Mountains of Káf terminate our earth, and that no one knows what is beyond them. They are the chief abode of the Jinn.

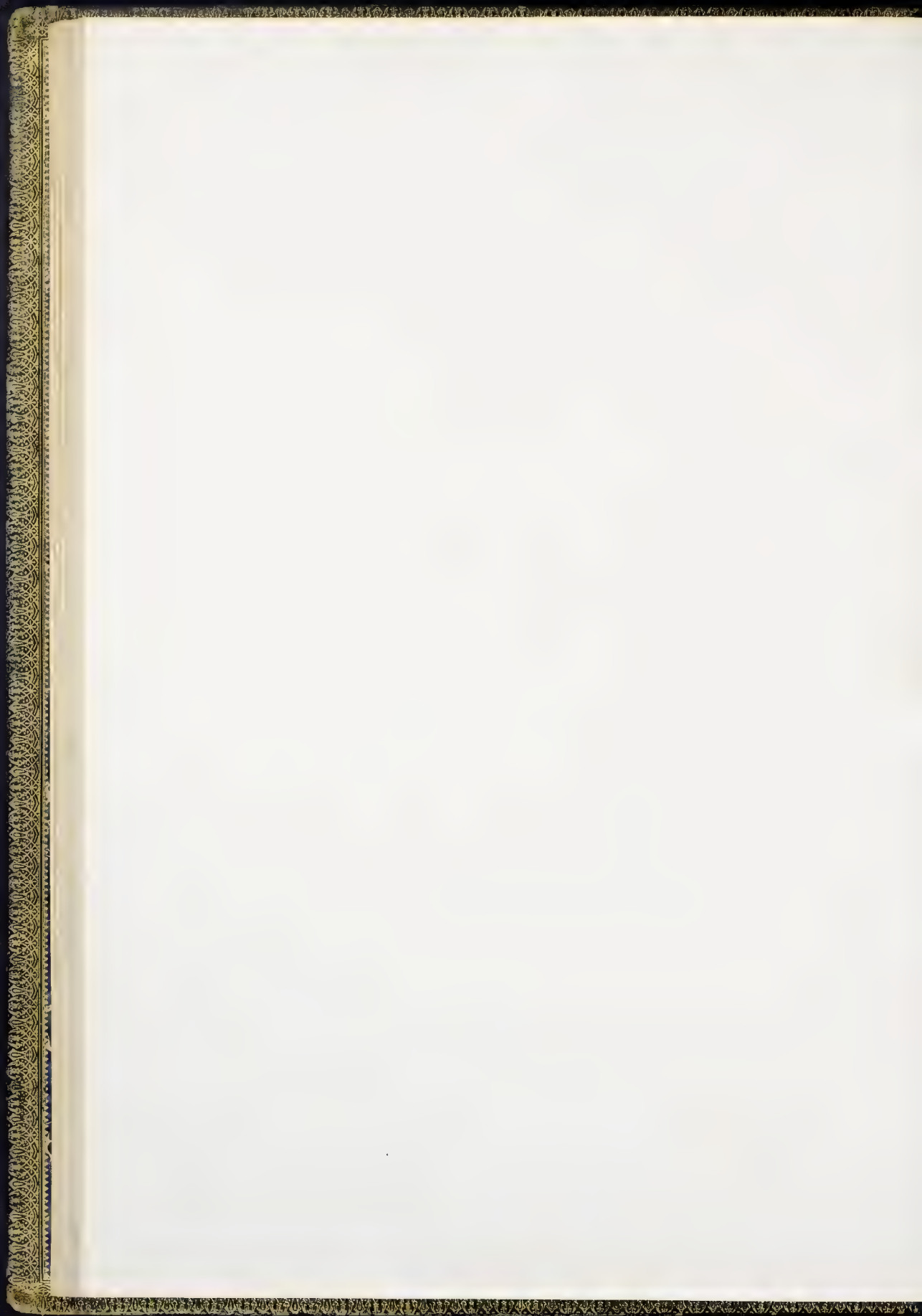
ARNAUTS PLAYING CHESS





16. CRONE.

1873



ARNAUTS PLAYING CHESS.



ONCERNING these scenes of Eastern life, the records of his travels in Turkey and Egypt, it has been said more than once that M. Gérôme has all the qualities necessary to excel in their portrayal. Théophile Gautier writes: "He has the eye which sees quickly and well, the hand which executes wisely and surely, writing each detail with a clearness as imperturbable as that of the photograph, and, above all, a sense which we should call exotic, which enables him to discover, as by an instinct, the characteristic differ-

ences of one race from another." M. Du Camp, whose writings on the East are so well known, has borne witness to the exactitude of the pictures of Gérôme: "When this artist sets out to be precise, he is more so than any other person; but for this it is necessary that he should have *seen*; he imagines badly, and remembers exceedingly well. He has seized on the wing with great felicity the different types of the Orient. The Arab, the Skypetar, the Turk, the Syrian, are to be recognized at the first glance, and in the ethnographic expression of his personages he remains always true." The draught-players in the cavernous interior belong to that obstinate and bellicose race known as Albanians or Arnauts—Skypetars, as they call themselves. Their country is that fertile and mountainous southwestern province of the Turkish Empire lying between Montenegro, Bosnia, and Servia on the north, Macedonia and Thessaly on the east, Greece on the

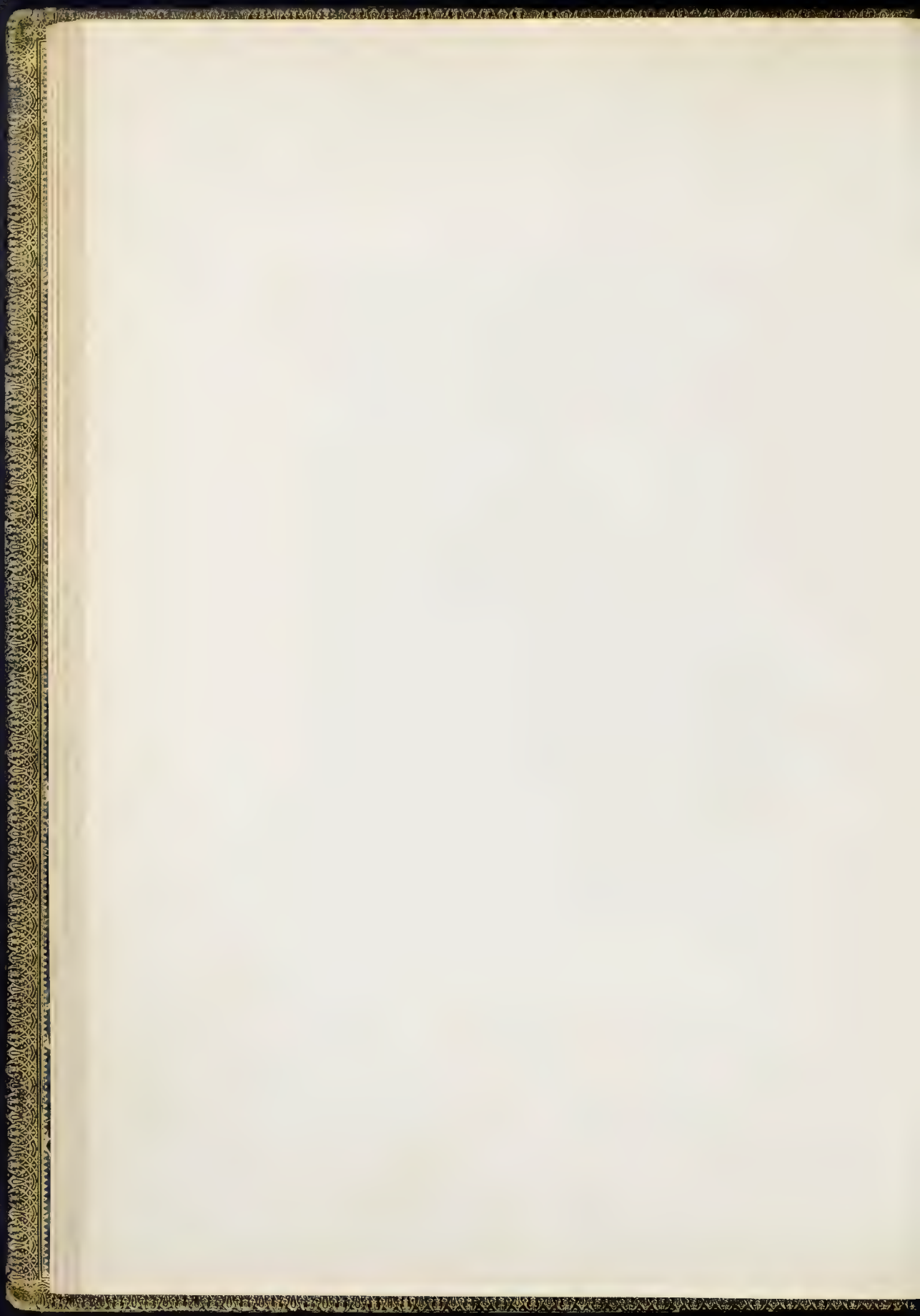
ARNAUTS PLAYING CHESS.

south, and the Ionian and Adriatic Seas on the west. Herdsmen and brigands and soldiers, despising agricultural pursuits in spite of their fine climate and favorable soil, they have long been one of the props of the failing Ottoman Empire, with occasional troublesome bursts of warlike independence when they fancied their rights threatened. It was only the other day that their stubborn refusal to surrender one of their ports, Dulcigno, to the Montenegrins, in accordance with a stipulation of the Treaty of Berlin, set all the cabinets of Europe in agitation, and brought about the much talked-of "naval demonstration" before the harbor of the disputed town. They are in number nearly 1,000,000, and are the descendants of the ancient Illyrians, mixed with Greeks and Slavs, and not to be confounded with the "Albani" that live on the Caspian Sea. Half-civilized mountaineers, frank to a friend and vindictive to an enemy, they are constantly under arms, and, as we have said, much more devoted to robbery and piracy than to cattle-feeding and agriculture. They live in perpetual anarchy, every village being at war with its neighbor, and even the several quarters of the same town carrying on mutual hostilities, very much in the fashion of the Italian cities of the sixteenth century. Many of the Arnauts serve as mercenaries in other countries, and they form the best soldiers of the Turkish army. The two representatives of this redoubtable race in our picture have suspended their more bloody hostilities for the present, to engage in a harmless contest on the checkered field, and, if we may judge by their countenances, the elder warrior is getting the better of the younger. Let us hope that when the victory is decided they will not overturn the board and fly at each other's throats with their formidable-looking yataghans. The older man bends his thoughtful and grizzled countenance on the field of combat, pulling at his long pipe and sitting sideways on the coop for poultry that forms both table and seats; his opponent, sitting a-straddle, rests one hand on the hilt of his weapon, and with the other strokes, with an uneasy gesture, his slight moustache. His dark head, seen in profile and shadow, suggests curiously a certain black marble head of Isis in the Vatican Gallery. A third swordsman looks on, holding in his hand his *tasse* of coffee, and high up on the plastered wall is the signature of the painter, uncommonly large for him, and with the date 1859

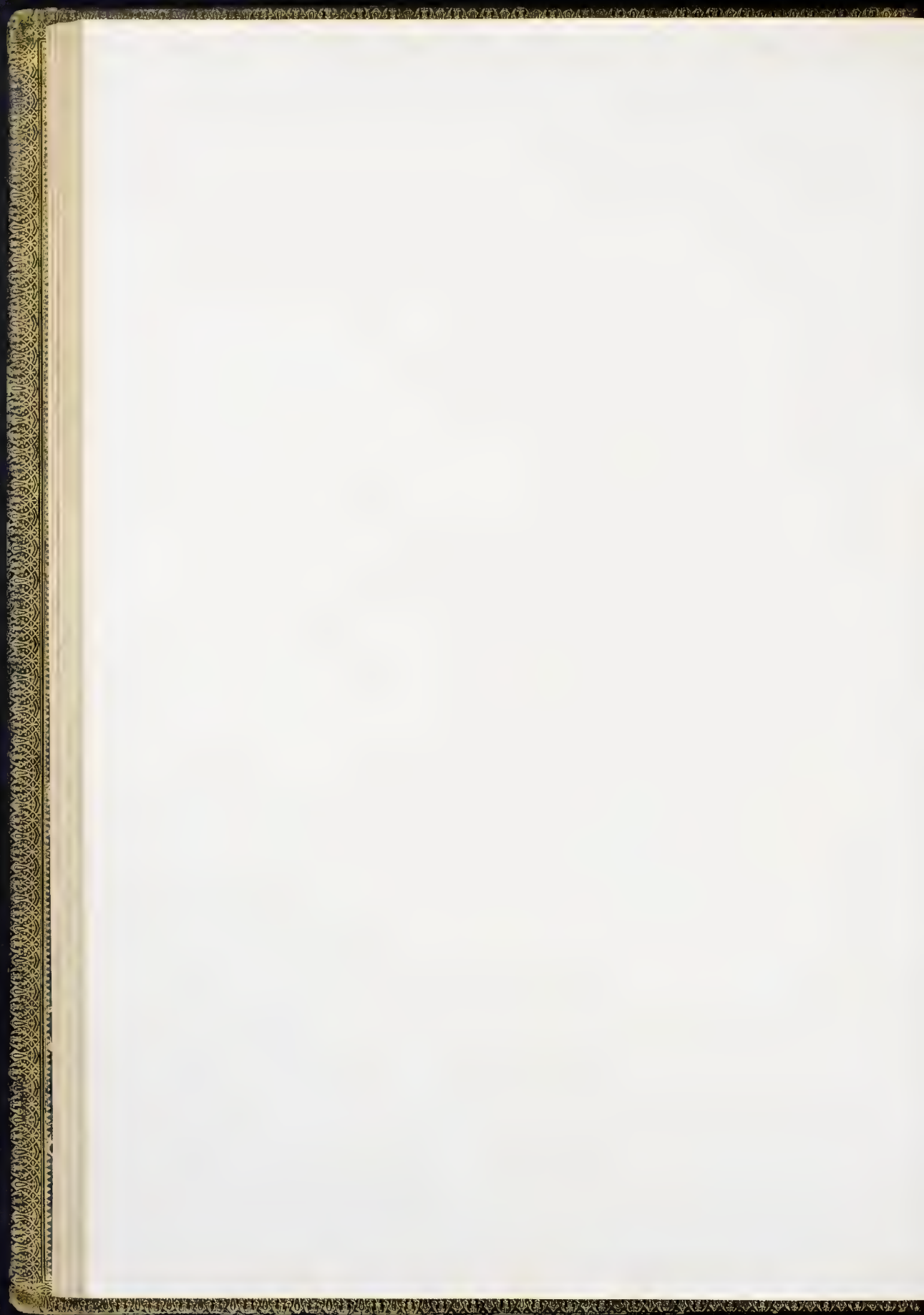
PICADOR

PAINTED IN 1870

THE PROPERTY OF THERON P. BUTLER NEW YORK







THE BULL-FIGHTER.



REALISM here claims M. Gérôme for one of her most faithful disciples; and if the brutality of the bull-fight is absent from this tranquil corner of the arena, so also is its furious excitement. With his dislike of scenes of violent motion, which he shares with M. Meissonnier, he has avoided the necessity of portraying the actual combat, and represents only the fragment of an episode. One of the mounted picadores, who open the first act of the spectacle, has contrived to neatly

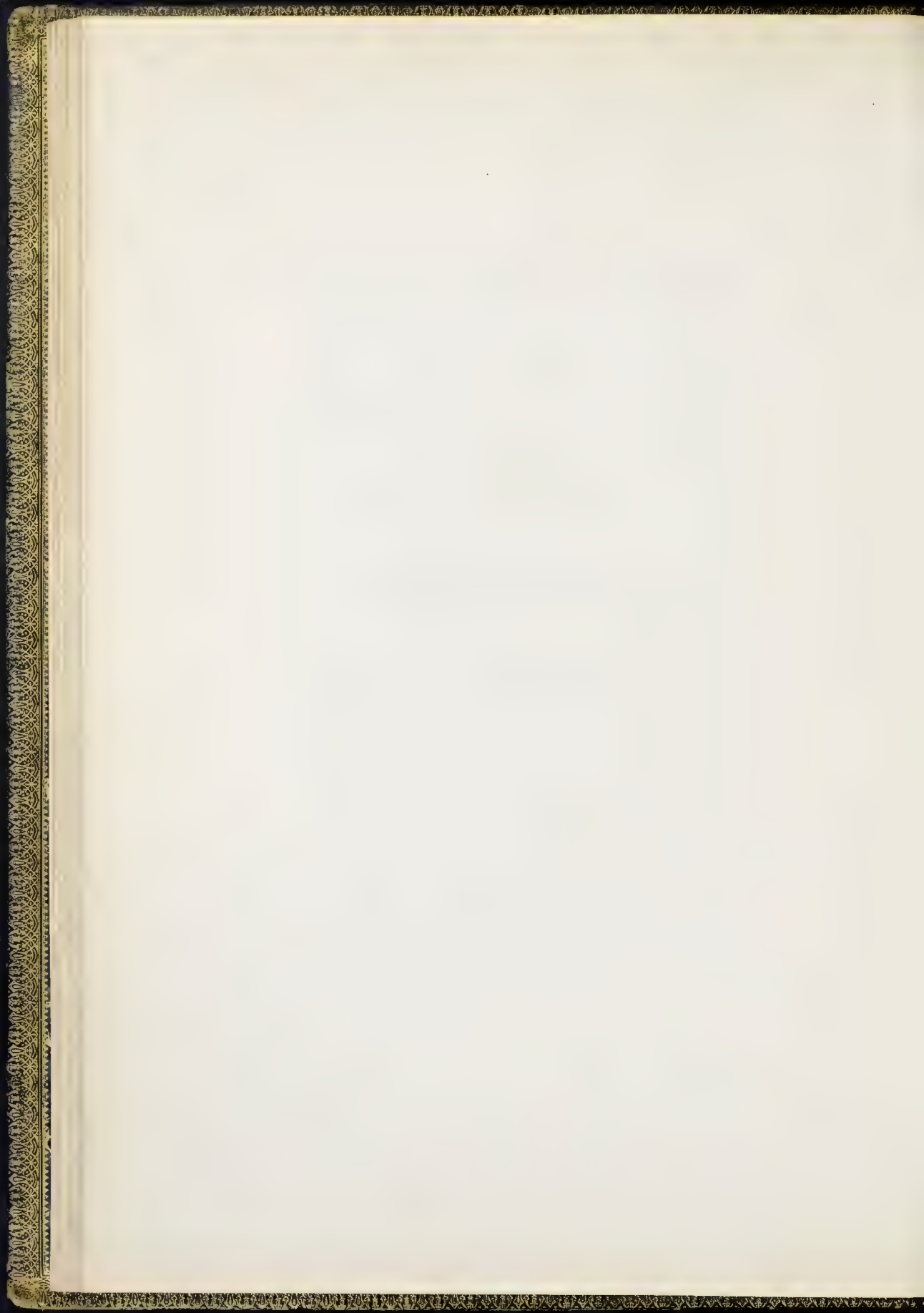
foil the bull's charge, though losing his horse in the action, and is now, dismounted and uncovered, limping toward a gate of exit held open for him by an attendant; while his comrade, alert and upright in his saddle, watches keenly the skirmish now transferred to a distant part of the arena. His face is shaded by a broad-brimmed sombrero; his lower extremities are protected by great wooden stirrups and thick leggings against the rush of the bull; and his heavy, but most ineffectual lance, is carried against his hip. The painter could not reconcile himself to the portraying of the wretched steeds, "fit only for the knacker," which Spanish economy provides for these spectacles, and has mounted his spearman on a very serviceable little horse, whose grayish coat, peppered all over with fine red spots, makes a most effective note of color against the sombre background of spectators. And it is in this background of the audience that the

THE FULL-FIGHTER.

painter seems to have entered into plain competition with the photographer's instrument—his innumerable little tricks of arrangement are so skilfully carried out, that they do not assert themselves, and the effect produced on the spectator is simply that of a crowd of silent personages presented to his vision without the intervention of any other medium than the light of heaven. The infinite patience and skill necessary to give every one of these small on-lookers his distinct character and his proper "value" in the whole composition, are as remarkable as the task on which they are employed seems thankless. Above the lower range of galleries extends a row of loges occupied by ladies and their escorts; but all the spectators, gentle and simple, are motionless and silent. If the painter had undertaken to represent his audience in one of those tempests of excitement into which the combat often throws them—shouting, gesticulating, climbing on each other's heads, overwhelming the hero of the arena with a shower of hats—if he had made us *hear* their frenzy, his picture, while it must have fallen short of absolute success, would probably have been a violation of the eternal canons of serene achievement. Gérôme, the steady seeker after perfection, selects the episode that may be perfected in art. It is the old dispute concerning the veiling of Agamemnon's face at the sacrifice of Iphigenia; some of Timanthes' critics declared that he had done well to conceal the untranslatable anguish of the father, and others saw in his device only an ignominious artifice to escape the difficulties of the task. There are those who contend that the artist always gains in the effectiveness of his picture by leaving a portion of the action to the imagination of the spectator, and by not insisting on telling outright all that is to be told; somewhat on the principle of a cloudy day, perhaps, which suggests vague and mysterious secrets of Nature to the most unimaginative, while bright, sunny weather tells all that it knows. Certainly, to our taste, this quiet and sombre corner of the arena that Gérôme gives, is more effective than those melodramatic and ambitious canvases of certain French and German painters, filled with rearing and plunging beasts, and tumbled corpses, and all the fury of the combat. The one dead horse of his scene is more suggestive of dread things beyond our vision than a whole pitched battle of some of the king's painters in the galleries of Versailles.

A LEASH OF HOUNDS

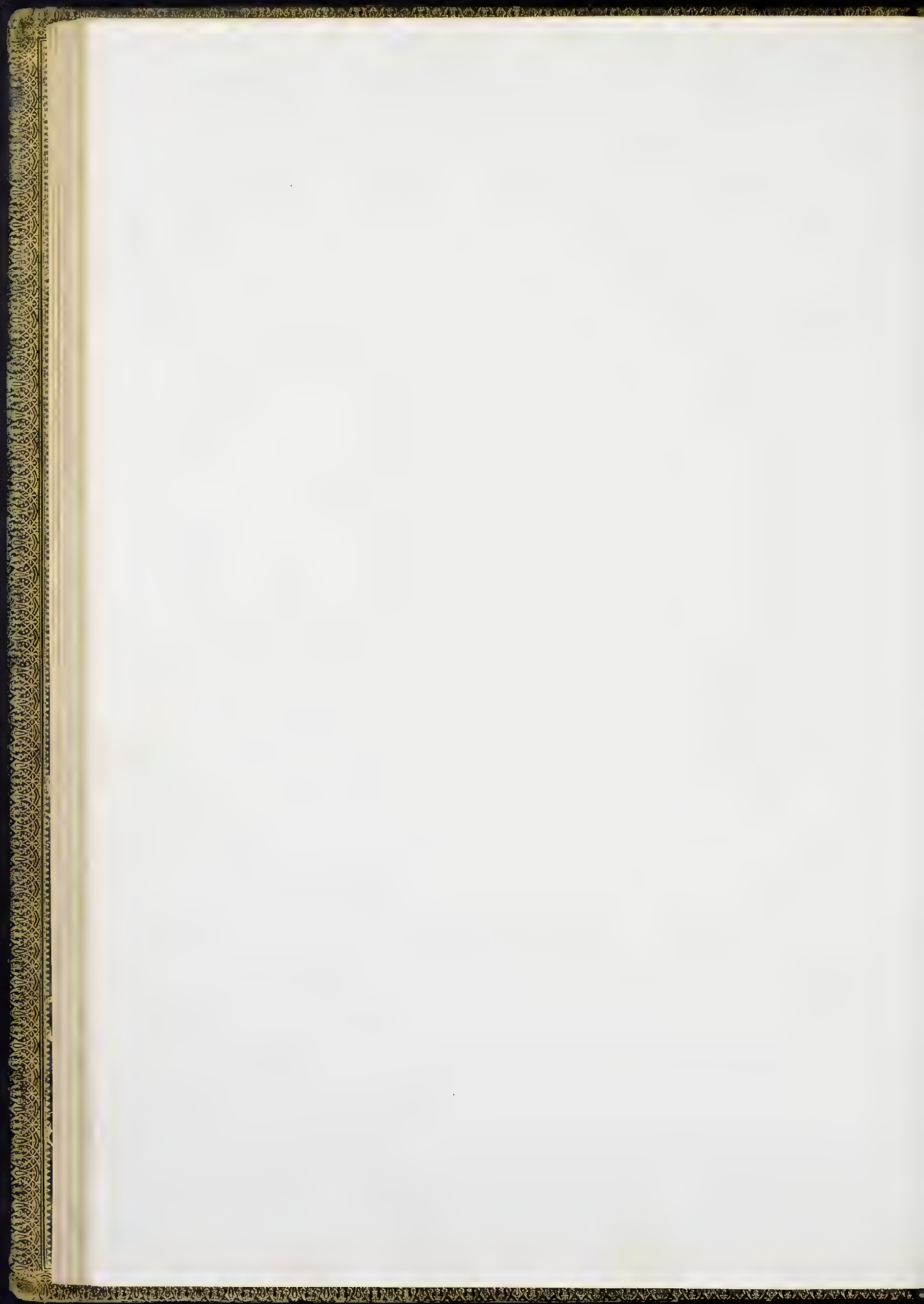
THE PROPERTY OF WM. T. WALTERS, BALTIMORE





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LEASH OF HOUNDS.



HILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, who may be considered an authority on this subject, if not on all others connected with art, says, in speaking of some of Gérôme's pictures of Eastern life, that they are "remarkable for the incomparable drawing of the dogs—I would rather have a leash of greyhounds painted by Gérôme than by any other painter living." And, indeed, this artist's skill in the arrangement of his compositions has seldom been better shown than in this simple and most admirable presentation. The lines of the man and the dogs complete each other in a manner so entirely satisfactory and harmonious

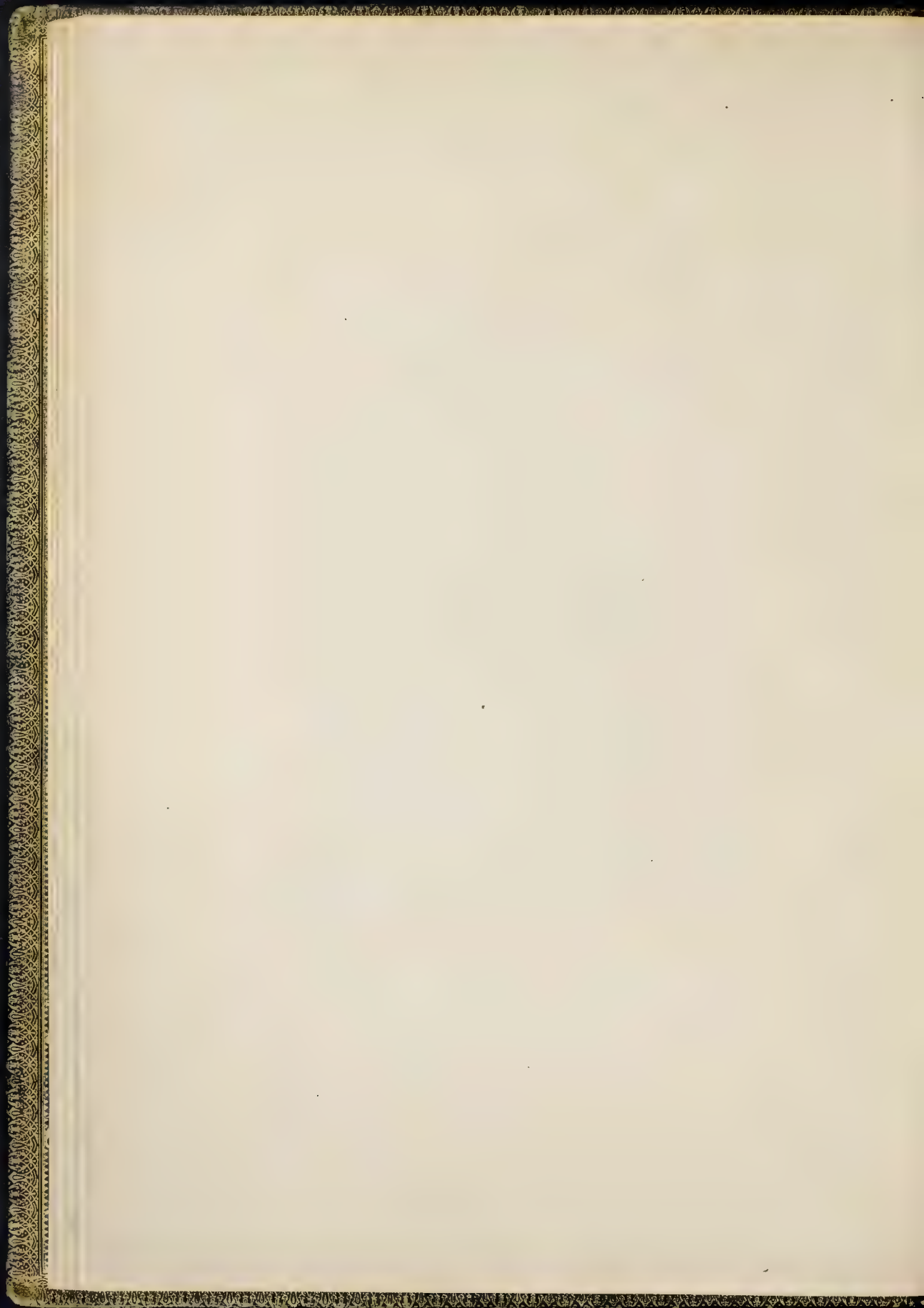
as to make of the group a decorative "motif" of the highest order, while remaining perfectly true to nature. They are worthy of being translated into bronze by Barbédienne, and set up, the size of life, before the doorway of some great seigneur, some hunter before the Lord. There is not a detail that could be spared, nor arranged to better advantage—the outward swirl of the slave's skirts, the simple lines of the leash, even the crossing of the two tails—nothing is wanting to make an arrangement of natural forms that shall give the most unmixed delight to the eye. It is only by comparing this group with some of the many other representations of similar subjects, even Fromentin's, that we may be able to fully appreciate this incomparable skill in making a perfectly good picture without any false or theatrical departure from the honest facts of nature. To the right of these silent attendants of the chase rises a low sand-hill; before them stretch the infinite spaces of the desert, in which caravans perish.

LEASH OF HOUNDS

in which there is room for all the armies of the earth to muster—"room for the last review, the night before Armageddon." As yet the quarry and the hunters are so far away that the patient hounds do not even lift their ears; only the dusky guardian watches for the signal to slip his fleet coursers. Hunting and hawking, which were common and favorite diversions of the Arabs, and especially of their kings and other great men, have now fallen into comparative disuse among this people, travellers say. But they are still frequently practised by the Persians, and in the same manner as formerly by the Caliphs and Sultans. Sir John Malcolm, in his "Sketches of Persia," gives the following description of one of the methods of hunting the antelope, much in vogue in that country: "Persons of the highest rank lead their own greyhounds in a long silken leash, which passes through the collar, and is ready to slip the moment the huntsman chooses. The well-trained dog goes alongside the horse, and keeps clear of him when at full speed, and in all kinds of country. When a herd of antelopes is seen, a consultation is held, and the most experienced determine the point toward which they are to be driven. The field (as an English sportsman would term it) then disperse, and while some drive the herd in the desired direction, those with the dogs take their post on the same line, at the distance of about a mile from each other; one of the worst dogs is then slipped at the herd, and from the moment he singles out an antelope, the whole body are in motion. The object of the horsemen who have greyhounds is to intercept its course, and to slip fresh dogs, in succession, at the fatigued animal. In rare instances the second dog kills. It is generally the third or fourth, and even these, when the deer is strong and the ground favorable, often fail." One of the Eastern laws respecting the killing of game is worthy of remark, though often disregarded; it is, that hunting is allowable only for the purpose of procuring food, or to obtain the skin of an animal, or for the sake of destroying ferocious and dangerous beasts. Amusement is certainly, in general, the main object of the Muslim huntsman; but he does not, with this view, endeavor to prolong the chase; on the contrary, he strives to take the game as quickly as possible.

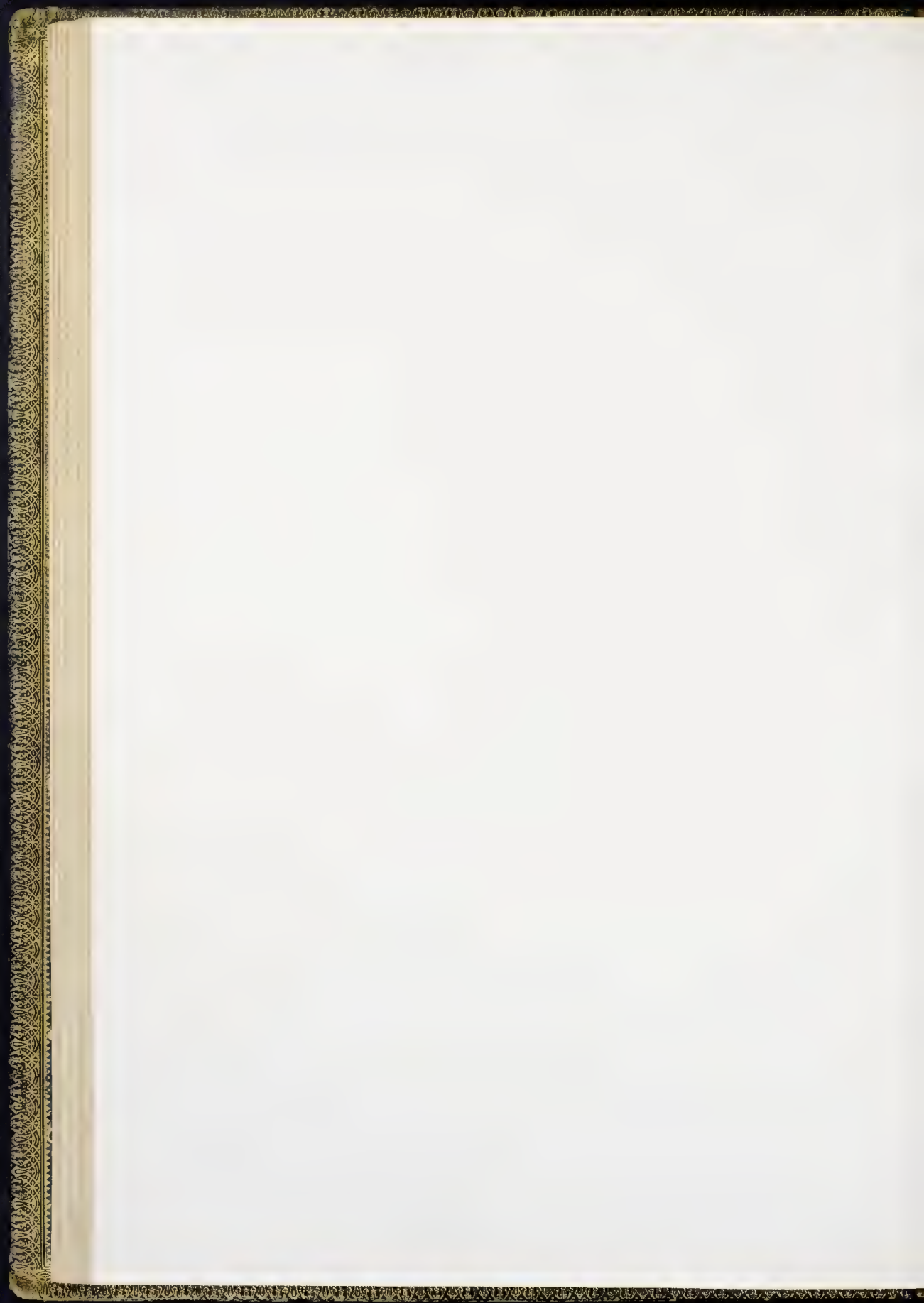
ANACREON. WITH BACCHUS AND LOVE

CHAMP OF STAT ARY EXECUTED IN 281





ANATHEIN



ANACREON.



NACREON'S statue was placed in the citadel at Athens, showing him as aged and intoxicated, tipsily singing, and marked with every sign of dissipation and intemperance. Only Greek genius, it would appear, could risk such a figure and keep it within the bounds of good taste. Gérôme, however, has attempted the feat, and there is something about his power of realization which almost convinces us that the original Athenian image must have resembled this work, so drenched with the Greek spirit.

This model was exhibited at the Salon of 1881, and shows the interesting degree of progress our artist has made in the unfamiliar line of sculpture. Already, in 1859, he had modelled, in small wax *maquettes*, his figures of the net-thrower and the Gaul, from the picture of the gladiators saluting Cæsar. Again, from the *Pollice Verso*, he made statues of gigantic size of the gladiator bestriding his victim, a group which was seen in bronze in the middle of the Trocadéro Palace at the Exposition of 1878. His recent composition in some respects surpasses the former attempts at statuary. Its intelligent affectation of the earlier style of Greek sculpture, with beard stiffly trimmed into a fan, and face like an early mask of the Indian Bacchus, is an amusing *jeu d'esprit* in art. The garment, with its refinement of accuracy, like a crumpled linen robe petrified or cast in the plaster, is a new revelation of what the modelling-tool can do when it sets itself

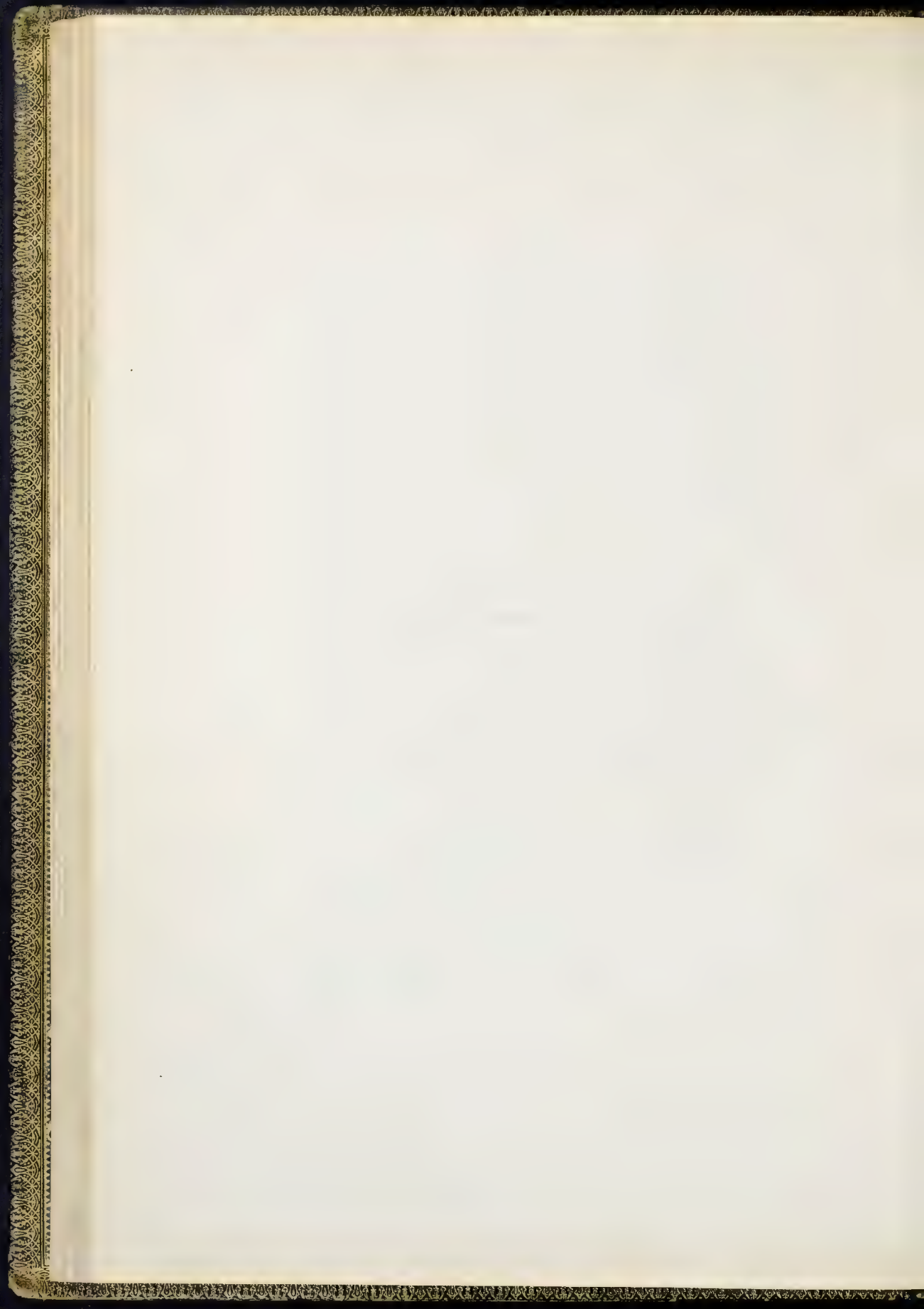
ANACREON.

to realistic imitation. Thus treated in the scientific spirit, with the face a triumph of crabbed antiquarianism, and the dress a puzzle of textural imitation, the artist's Anacreon is set in tottering motion, to convey the idea of ease, license, luxury, and carelessness—and well does it carry its meaning. There is something in the incisive distinctness of our master's enunciation which makes each of his creatures a central type, and, when he wishes to insist on incoherence itself, his analysis gives us a more incoherent something than ever existed before. The incorrigible old apologist, with his aged face and senile laugh, with his unsteady legs and untimely companionship, still sweeps on his gay and conquering way, with a kind of authority like the very inspiration and defence of debauchery. We cannot but forgive, we cannot but remember, and we cannot but admire, the typic sensualist. Our artist has felt that Anacreon, to have made himself the ideal poet of wine, must have been no drunkard—the man who is really in subjection to dissipation does not become its laureate, he becomes its victim. To be an Anacreon, the poet must well command his ecstasies, and use the exultation of his nerves as a clinic to study from. Accordingly the artist contrives a figure full of Greek power and sense of command, sweeping across the stage like a genius of debauch.

In the aged poet's arms are placed a little Love and a little Bacchus, frail and infantile familiars of his muse. They are not smaller in proportion to the adult figure than is usual with babes in Greek groups. A most unkind and sarcastic French critic, however, has laughed aloud at the reduced proportions of these cherubs, remarking that Gérôme must have reached an age when love and wine seem to have lost their danger, and to have become very meagre objects of his attention.

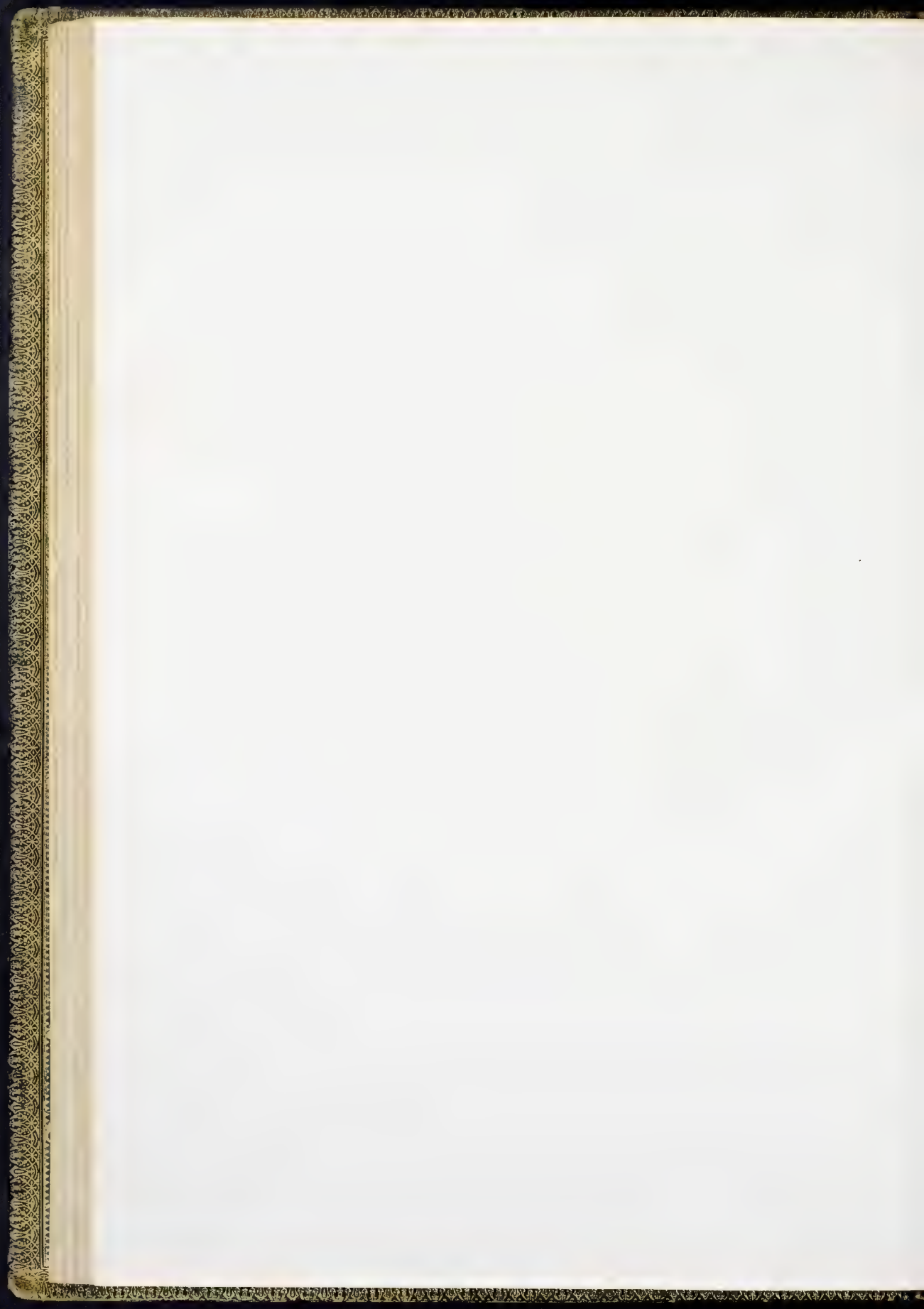
This is one of the efforts which our artist makes experimentally, and as an exercise, and concerning which he remarks that he cannot afford to leave off painting, because it procures him money with which to go on with his sculpture. For the device of the present work he goes back more than thirty years in his career, and recalls one of his earliest painted subjects. He obtained a medal of the second class in 1848, for his picture of "Anacreon Dancing with Bacchus and Love." Thus, in the secure maturity of his fame, he casts in solid form a fancy which came to him in his golden youth among the Neo-Grec Voluptuaries of the "châlet."

ARNAUT IN CAIRO





VIENE . . .



ARNAUT OF CAIRO.



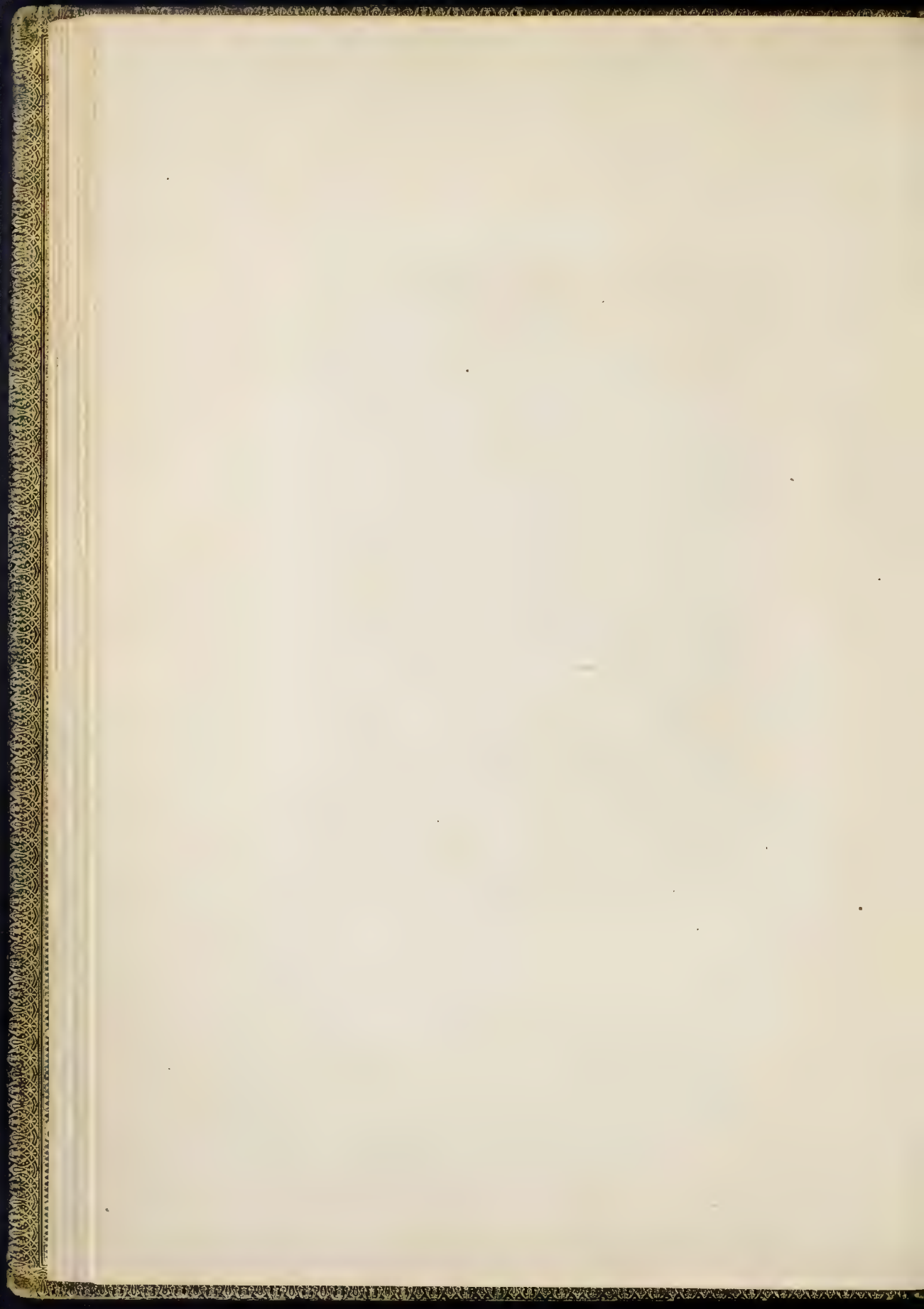
HIS bellicose figure of M. Gérôme's, taken from a leaf of his Cairene sketch-book, and painted with that minute fidelity which he bestows even on his least important works, may be best described by the late Paul Lenoir, pupil and fellow-traveller of the painter, who accompanied him on his expedition to Egypt and Syria. It was at the gate *Babel-Nasr* of the city that they were first struck with admiration and curiosity at the sight of these picturesque warriors. "A military post was installed under the vault of

the gate; but it was for pure ornament and to give pleasure to painters. In regarding this group of soldiers, bedizened with brilliant costumes, the most serious doubts arose as to their strategic utility for the security of the city. . . . We received in this locality our first impression of this irregular militia, of which we had heard so much, and of which we had seen in the streets only some specimens highly incomplete. Whilst attending a new conquest of Egypt by whoever it may be, these soldiers of ornament, these opéra-comique sentinels have no other duty than to pose for any itinerant photographer that might honor them with his patronage. Their costumes artistically open at the breast, their arms "*de luxe*" as brilliant as inoffensive, their proud and disdainful attitudes, their least gestures, everything about them seems to have been most carefully studied. Nothing, however, is more natural than these interminable moustaches "*à la grecque*,"

ARNAUT OF CAIRO.

which cut their visages in two like the two enormous horns of the buffalo, and which form the most appropriate ornament of these energetic faces, bronzed by the sun. The moustache, which has nothing Arab in its principle, is with the soldier of Cairo a sign of Albanese origin. The Arnauts, this Greek militia, imported into Egypt by Mohammed-Ali to war against the overwhelming importance of the Mamelukes, inaugurated at Cairo the leather belt and the moustache, embellishing the former with the richest stuffs they could find in the country of which they came to take military occupation. It was an innovation in a land in which the beard is held in the highest esteem, and where the respect which is due to a man is measured by the length of this hirsute ornament. Soldier *en amateur*, however, he acquits himself of his rôle with care; and he has become the indispensable furniture of the door of a mosque or of the entrance to a palace. He is like the 'Swiss,' the chasseur of our ancestors, but having instead of the halbert about ten or a dozen weapons, sabres and pistols, artistically intercrossed in the compartments of a vast girdle of red leather, which gives him the aspect of one of the show-windows of Devisme on the boulevard Haussmann. His pipe, his tobacco, his provender, also find place in this huge display. It may be demanded with reason by what miracle of equilibrium is he able to march thus accoutred without encountering the walls, but there are no 'street Arabs' in the East, and these ferocious warriors are perfectly safe from any such predatory vagabonds, who could so soon give the signal for their decadence and a fatal blow to their prestige; for the rest, they repose pictorially, and in order not to disturb one of the museum of arms which they have on their stomach, they carry in the hand a '*courbache*' immeasurable, which keeps at a respectful distance their enemies and their admirers. The courbache is a long flexible hand-whip of hippopotamus skin, which joins to the suppleness of a whip the precision of a stick; it is the indispensable sceptre which regulates all, divides all, obtains all, whenever the *bak-sheesh* has become impossible, or the question in debate is delicate."

MADemoisELLE LILI

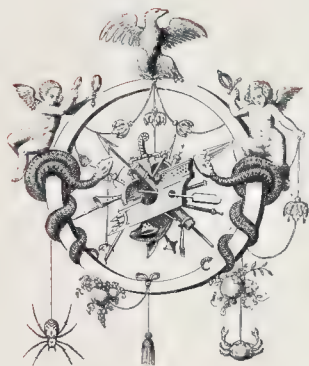




MARY ANN FULLER



MLLE. LILI.



NLY on rare occasions has our painter attempted portraiture. The likeness of Rachel, which he has placed in the green-room of the Théâtre Français, is one of his most eminent exceptions; but he has made this an almost ideal work, from the energy and intensity with which he carries it into a supposed dramatic representation. At Versailles is his picture of "A Reception of the Siamese Ambassadors," where, amid many likenesses of court notables, he in-

troduces Meissonier's portrait and his own. To his own family pertains again this beautiful child, whose dark eyes and fine brow perpetuate the finest traits of Gérôme's youth. For this artist to take up a mere childish subject, a little maid dressed out in smart Paris clothes, and caught in one of those moments of pouting wonderment so often depicted by Lobrichon and Perrault, appears like an unworthy task, so far as the mere art-problem is concerned—we seem to catch the mallet-hand carving a cherry-stone. But what a treasure in a family must be an example so completely unique—a child's portrait executed by the painter of the "Death of Caesar!"

This baby brunette, with chubby form and wide, dark gaze, has evidently supplied the model for the adventurous little girl in the "Dante," certainly the most successful juvenile figure achieved by our painter, and so valuable as contrast and foil to the hero of the scene.

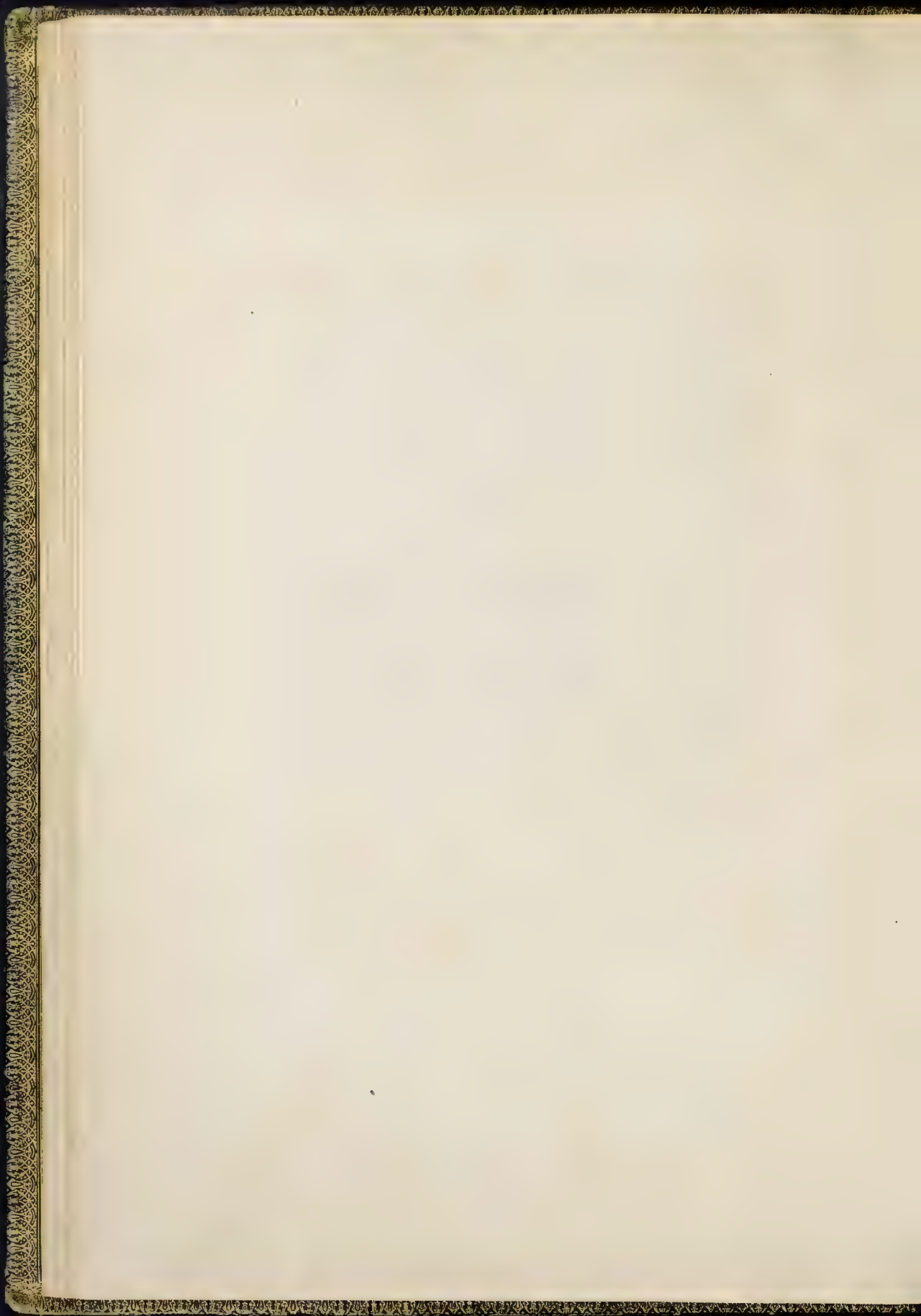
The present subject, in what may be called its "intention," is full

MLLE. LILI.

of beauty; in technic, and to the most tolerant artistic spectator, it has Gérôme's inevitable lack of charm. This painter can perceive loveliness, beauty, and delicacy, as matters of intellectual estimation; but he cannot convey them in his work. He has perceived none more keenly Lili's chubby softness—her gaze of an alarmed fawn; he states them, but his work does not convey them, it only inventories them. Compare this beautiful child with the very plain child in the Louvre, celebrated by Velasquez as the Infanta Marguerite, and there is all the difference between cold reporting and impassioned personification. Constricted by nature to be an analyst, a scientist, a philosopher, our painter is at his weakest when he wishes to arouse sympathy for the tender beauty and fruit-like bloom of infancy. He has given his utmost finish; he has toiled faithfully, and he has had an exceptionally beautiful model; but he has only made a statement, not a representation. The beauties of dimple, and beaming eye, and deep hair, certainly make this a striking figure of a glorious child; but it is only in these exceptional merits of his sitter that he finds his strength—not in any luscious or sympathetic treatment of them. The picture seems like a challenge, for all the obvious and structural parts of childish beauty are accounted for; but, after all, the painter's own part is little better than an attempt to take off grace and charm on tracing-paper; fidelity and conscientiousness he shows in perfection, and, owing to the superiority of his model, a certain proportion of its beauty is retained; but none the less is his own artist-work cold and dead as an injection, and the painter simply braces up his obvious feebleness against the tender innocence of the little child.

YOUNG GREEKS IN THE MOSQUE

THE PROPERTY OF IOSIAH M FISK NEW YORK







GREEK YOUTHS AT PRAYER.



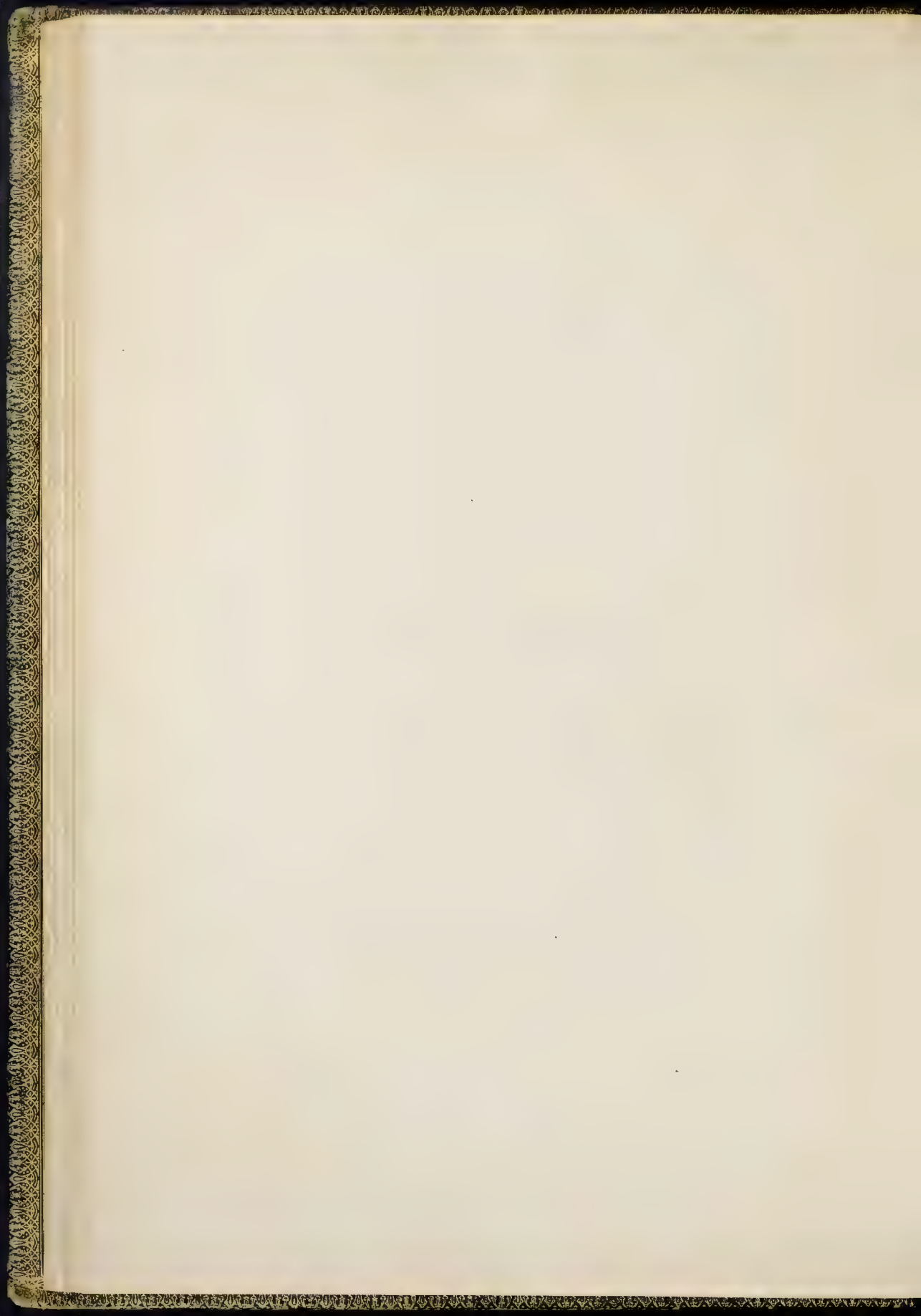
OHAMMEDANISM includes among its one hundred and thirty millions of professors, a certain limited number of Greeks; and, with his painter's appreciation of opposing characteristics, it is two young representatives of this nation, who have so much cause to hate all Turkish things, that Gérôme has represented as performing their devotions in a Turkish place of worship. They have not penetrated very far into the body of the edifice—possibly

conscious of their alien character; they have not even reached the prayer-rugs, but kneel devoutly on the inlaid pavement and spread their hands in silent prayer. The Oriental has a gift of flattening his lower limbs under him, and sitting or crouching on them by the hour, in an attitude that would drive an European frantic in five minutes, and these two young Hellenes have so disposed of their legs and feet, and concealed them with their voluminous white skirts, that they present to the eye somewhat the appearance of being truncated. Their attendant, standing barefooted behind them, droops his head and mutters his appeal to Allah. To their right is a low doorway, and the parapet of a stairway leading to an upper gallery; the white wall surface being covered with arabesque patterns in low relief, and phrases from the Koran. A lofty, polished column, and a

GREEK YOUTHS AT PRAYER.

great candle burned low in its massive stand, complete the details of this simple scene of religion, which may be taken as a faithful transcript of "the extreme solemnity and decorum, the unaffected humility, the real and all-absorbing devotion which pervade" a Mohammedan temple, and which "have unanimously been held up as an example to other creeds." Certainly, the most orthodox of true believers could find in this painting none of the Giaour's irreverence toward the tenets of El-Islam; and Mohammed's condemnation of an infidel, for the pictorial representation of these three figures to which he will never be able to give life at the day of judgment, will not disturb Gérôme's serenity. A long list of Western names might be collected—poets, painters, and rhetoricians—which have lent their lustre to the celebration of the virtues and achievements of the followers of Mohammed, and Gérôme's is only one of the later ones. Nor is this surprising, when we consider the teachings of history; for it is not too much to say that the Muslims may be thought to have been the enlightened teachers of barbarous Europe, from the ninth to the thirteenth century. "It is from the glorious days of the Abbaside rulers that the real renaissance of Greek spirit and Greek culture is to be dated. Classical literature would have been irredeemably lost had it not been for the home it found in the schools of the 'unbelievers' of the 'dark ages.' Arabic philosophy, medicine, natural history, geography, history, grammar, rhetoric, and the 'golden art of poetry,' schooled by the old Hellenic masters, brought forth an abundant harvest of works, many of which will live and teach as long as there will be generations to be taught." From that fatal day when the hitherto victorious Turks were pushed back from the gates of Vienna, the splendor and power of Mohammedanism began to wane; and, at the present moment, although it is making great progress among the negro races of Africa—appealing, as it does, so strongly to them by its sensuality and barbaric wealth of color—it is said that the number of real and thorough believers is infinitely small. Since it has left off conquering, it has lost also that energy and vital force which keep alive both men and creeds. "Its future fate will probably depend chiefly on the progress of European conquest in the East, and the amount of Western civilization which it will, for good or evil, import into those parts."

THE HAREM IN THE KIOSK







THE HAREM IN THE KIOSK.



PAINTER-FASHION, M. Gérôme occupies himself solely with the things appertaining to his trade, and not at all with those moral and social questions, which might arise from the contemplation of these brilliant scenes which he delights to portray. No modern artist is more absolutely free from this most inartistic sin of preaching, or philosophizing, or moralizing, or lamenting, or exhorting, or, in fact, appealing to the mind in any other manner than through the eye. He is not at all concerned by the cruelty of his Pachas, the ferocity of his Arnauts, the degradation of his women of the Harem—if he were, he would not paint them so well. So, when in his Eastern wanderings he comes across a scene like this, he sets about portraying it in the most faithful and light-hearted manner possible; his neighbor, the Englishman, or his enemy, the German, may agitate themselves over the evils of polygamy if they choose. And if we wish to enter fully into his delight in this open-air splendor of sunshine and color, we cannot do better than follow his example and purge our minds of any "moral reflections" whatever. The painter's sense of decoration, never entirely suppressed, is allowed full swing in this brilliant picture; everything contributes to our delightful sense of warmth and space and enjoyment. The ladies of the harem have an "outing" to-day, and have repaired to this graceful kiosk overlooking the Golden Horn.

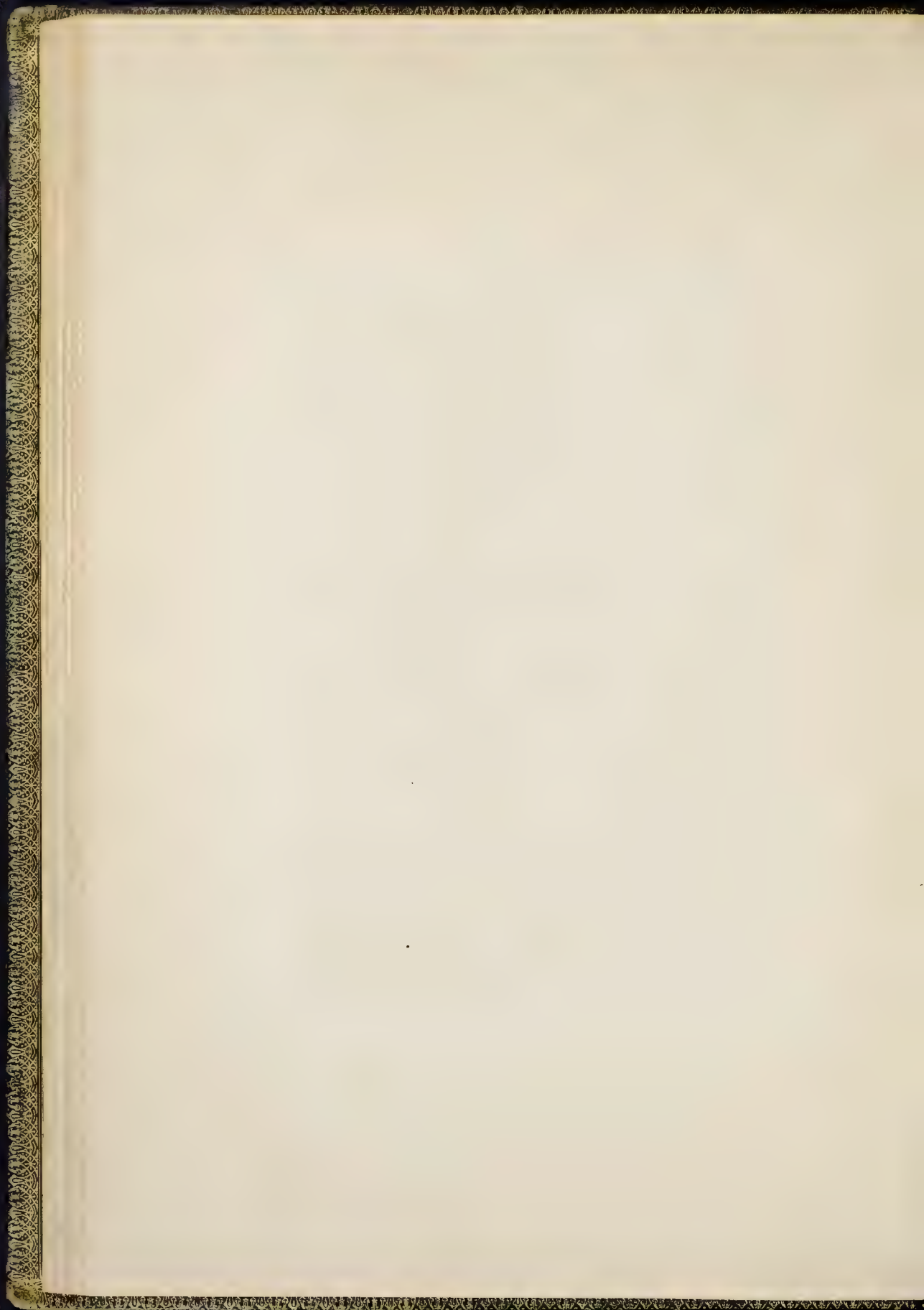
THE HAREM IN THE KIOSK.

and bathed in all the splendor of Eastern light. The building itself, with its slender columns, and heavy curtains rolled up to admit the freshening air, is the 'most picturesque of summer-houses; and the ladies, veiled and muffled, are grouped with so much animation that they attract the eye immediately to the centre of the picture. One of them waves her kerchief, signalling to some fair acquaintance in a distant boat; and two or three children, bareheaded, lean over the carved parapet. Mesroor and 'Afeef, dignified and upright, wearing high, white caps of office, guard the narrow bridge that leads out to the kiosk; and the handsomest of memlooks, helmeted, girdled, and booted, carrying a long lance, and lounging against the stone rampart, surveys us from the immediate foreground. Is it not a pleasant scene to survey; and shall we not refuse to believe that envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness dwell in the bosom of these Muslim wives? Nay, shall we not rather remember the good stories that travellers tell of them; and is there not that undoubtedly true narrative of the two wives of the father of El-Jabartee, the native Egyptian historian, related by himself? He married the second time in the year 65, and the first spouse soon conceived such an affection for the second one that she "could not bear to be separated from her for even an hour." In the year 82 the new-comer fell ill, "and she [the first wife] fell sick on account of her [friend's] sickness. The illness increased upon both of them; and in the morning the younger arose and looked at the elder when she seemed about to die, and wept, and said, 'O my God and my Lord, if Thou hast decreed the death of my friend, make my day to be before her day.' Then she lay down, and her disease increased, and she died the next night; and they wrapped her up by the side of her friend, and her friend awoke at the close of the night, and felt her with her hand, and began to say, 'Zeleckhâ! Zeleckhâ!' They said to her, 'She is asleep,' but she replied, 'My heart telleth me that she is dead; and I saw in my sleep what indicated this event!' They then said to her, 'May thy life be prolonged!'" [which is the Arab way of telling a person that another is dead]. "And she said, 'No life remaineth to me after her.' And she wept and wailed until the day appeared when they began to prepare for the speedy burial of her friend; and they washed the corpse before her, and carried it to the grave. Then she returned to her bed, and fell into the agonies of death, and died at the close of the day; and on the following day they carried her corpse to the grave in like manner."

THE SENTINELS OF THE CAMP

PAINTED IN 1867

THE PROPERTY OF M. GOLDSCHMIDT, PARIS



THE SAME SCENE





THE GUARD OF THE CAMP.



ASTERN dogs are not all the miserable curs that infest the cities, "refused all domestic protection, and only tolerated for their use as scavengers;" and Gérôme has more than once taken the handsome and fleet greyhound used in the chase to figure in his Oriental scenes. In this picture he represents three noble specimens of this most valuable of man's servitors, acting as sentinels on the outskirts of the camp, doing "picket duty" with alert eyes and nostrils and uplifted ears. One of

them, resembling the Scotch deer-hound, stretches himself majestically along on the ground; further off, a handsome black and white fellow, more luxurious in his taste, selects a tuft of herbage for his seat; while in the foreground a great dark hound, whose coat shines like bronze, lifts his long, pointed ears in keen watchfulness. They may not seem very worthy sitters for the painter of Cæsar; but this artist is catholic in his tastes, and perhaps he believes with Cuvier, that the dog "is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest ever made by man." In many of his paintings, the "Alcibiades," the "Gray Cardinal," the "Relay in the Desert," he has introduced these handsome, tall, strong brutes—greyhounds or deer-hounds—with great effect, and he doubtless felt that it was due these most serviceable "supernumeraries" to devote one picture to them themselves. And here they are,

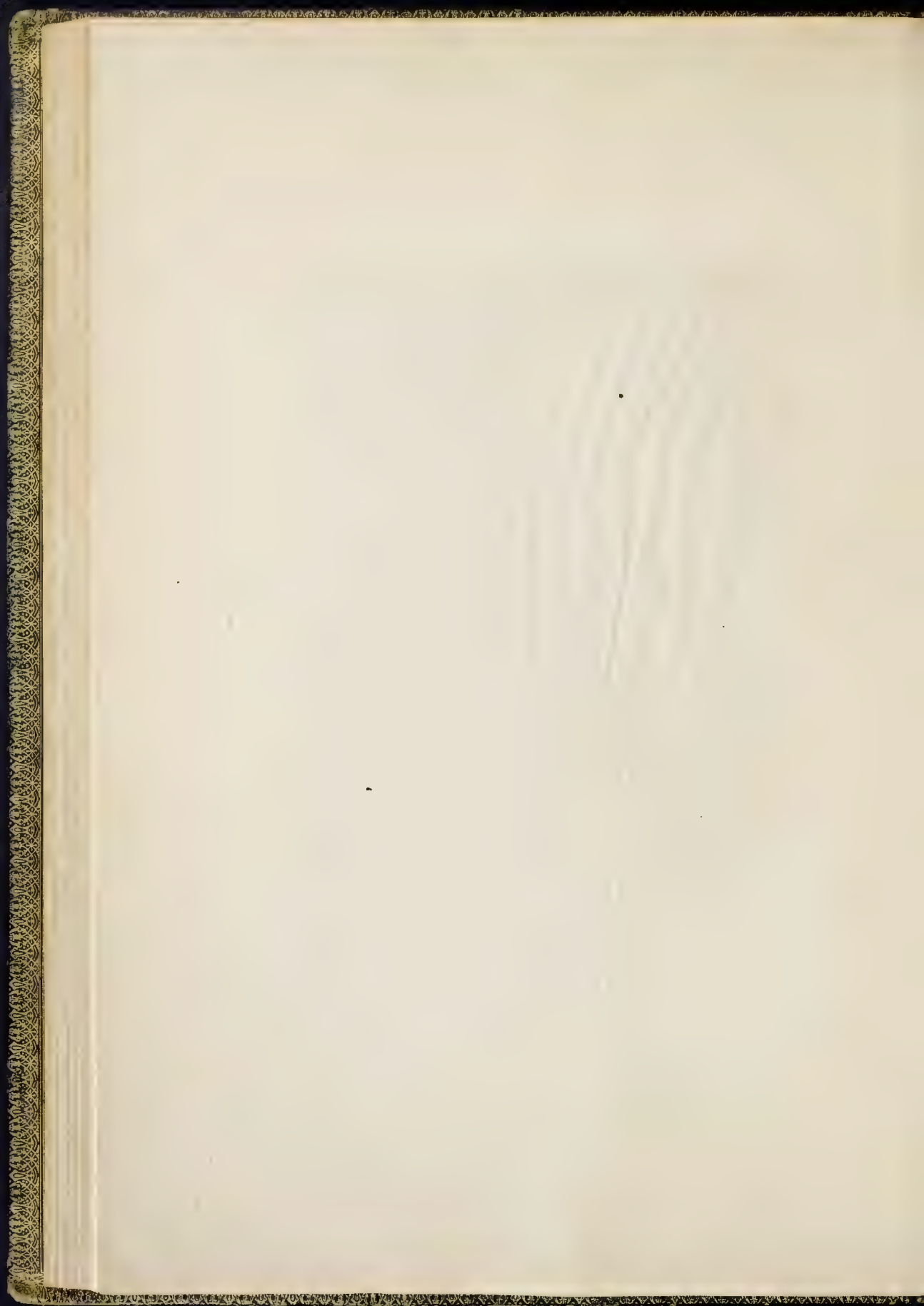
THE GUARD OF THE CAMP.

painted to the very life. Next to his horse, and his camel, and his woolly flock, the wandering Arab prizes this intelligent four-footed companion, whose fleetness and exquisite scent are invaluable to him in the chase, and whose constant vigilance guards both his camp and his herds. It is the dweller in the cities, accustomed to the vagabond and mongrel curs that haunt the streets, who entertains the proverbial Eastern contempt for the canine race, and whose superlative of contempt and hatred, next to "Yahood," is "dog." The weapon that has struck either of these outcasts, even if only a stick, is rendered forever unclean, and for this reason the Israelite is never beheaded, that the sword of the believer may not be defiled. The dog appears to have been a domestic animal from the very earliest period; the first allusions to it in the books of Moses breathe the dislike and contempt still commonly entertained for it by many of these nations of Southern Asia. Homer, however, had a very different opinion of it, and "there is not a modern story of the kind which can surpass the affecting simplicity with which the poor dog's dying recognition of his long lost master is related by one who wrote, probably, not less than two thousand seven hundred years ago." The sculptures of Nineveh, and the hieroglyphics of Egypt, attest the very early domestication of the dog, and the existence of species similar to some of those which survive to the present day. The high value attached to it by many of these early nations is further attested by the place assigned to it, or its image, as emblematic of the attributes which they ascribed to their gods. It is the dog-headed Anubis, the son of Osiris and Nephthys, who, from the very earliest ages, was prominent among the gods of the Egyptian nether world: he presided at all entombments and, as Hermes Psychopompos (Hermanitus), he opens the way for the souls. In our artificial and urban civilization we do not set so high a value on the dog, in consideration of mere usefulness to man, as on some of the other domestic animals; yet to the wandering savage it is perhaps the most important of all, and some of the wise have supposed that by its aid the subjugation of other animals may have been first accomplished. And to children, and artists, and story-tellers, its importance has always been of the first order. And if it reflects some of the most contemptible characteristics of his master, it also repeats some of the noblest.

HEADS OF THE REBEL BEYS AT THE MOSQUE EL ASSANEYN

UNPUBLISHED

THE PROPERTY OF W. H. STEWART, PARIS







THE MOSQUE EL- ASSANEYN.



PAINTED in 1866, this picture, one of the grimmest of the painter's tragedies, evoked, on the part of the public and the critics, a lively controversy as to the merits of such unpleasant details in the domain of art; and was duly caricatured by Cham.

The gory trophies, heaped up and suspended at this guarded portal, are the heads of rebellious Beys put to death by Salek-Kachef, and actually thus exposed for the space of several days; and the picture has come down to us as a page of the painter's glowing record of the East—its terrors, as well as its picturesqueness and splendor. The building, at the door of which he has made so tragic a study, the "*Gâme 'el Hasaneyn*," or El-Assaneyn, or the mosque of Hassan, as it is generally called by English tourists, is the most sacred of all the mosques of Cairo, and in it is interred the head of the martyr El-Hoseyn, the son of Imâm Ali, and grandson of the Prophet.

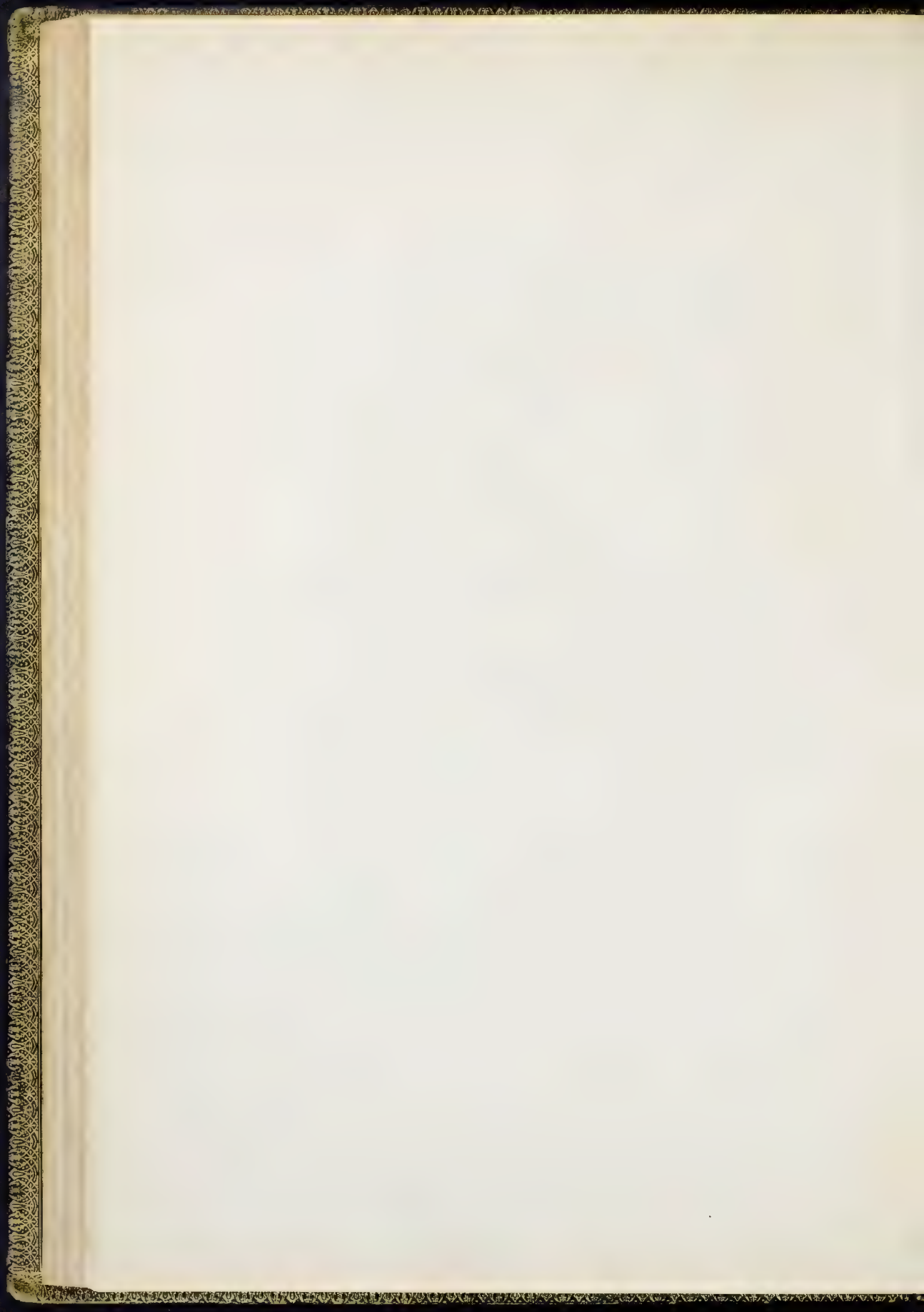
During a period of fifteen nights and fourteen days in the month of Rabsea et-Tanee (the fourth month), this mosque is the scene of a festival called Moolid El-Hasaneyn, celebrated in honor of the birth of El-Hoseyn; and this Moolid is the most famous of all those celebrated in Cairo, excepting that of the Prophet. During the remainder of the year, the mosque is most visited by men on Tuesday and by women on Saturday. M. Paul Lenoir, who accompanied his master,

Gérôme, on his third voyage to Egypt, and who possibly assisted at the sketch of this very portal, says of the building: "The mosque of the Sultan Mameluke Hassan overlooks all Cairo; by its colossal proportions and style, of the purest Arabic, it is, beyond contradiction, the most beautiful of the mosques of the entire Orient—neither St. Sophia, nor the massive constructions of Constantinople, can be compared with it. It is situated opposite the citadel, on the place '*Roumelieh*.' A doorway, of the height of the entire building, gives access to it by a side street, which abuts on the place. Blocks of marble of every shade, cut by rose-windows, and embellished by ornaments of bronze, contribute to the elegance of this principal entrance. Terminated in the form of niches, the thousands of stalactites die away gracefully midway in its height, where transverse beams of carved wood sustain a veritable collection of lamps of glass and of ostrich eggs, richly illuminated. You mount several steps, then descend several more, to find yourself on a level in an immense passage furnished with stone benches on each side. This is the antechamber of the mosque; and, at the extremity of this imposing gallery is a post of '*kavass*' and guardians. This prelude, mysterious and terrible, only serves to render still more striking the marvellous spectacle in face of which you suddenly find yourself: an immense court, in the form of a Greek cross, is occupied in the middle by a Saracen construction of the most picturesque order. Sustained by columns of porphyry, and surmounted by a cupola, brilliantly decorated, this small octagonal pavilion serves only to cover the tank for the preliminary ablutions. Opposite the entrance, a pointed arch of the grandest proportions forms a single vault, of which a smaller répétition is indicated on the other three sides of the court; this is the sanctuary, raised by one small step above the level of the rest of the edifice.

The colors which dominate in the general ornamentation of the mosques are green and red, agreeably alternated in arabesques and in designs of every description. The religious inscriptions are generally painted in blue, or in gilded characters, on an immense sign-board with a background of green. When new, this superb mosque certainly could not have possessed the character of mysterious poetry which it does to-day, and, without being a lover of uncleanness, I quite believe that time only would have been able to soften thus marvellously these originally crude and lively colors."

TREADING OUT THE GRAIN IN EGYPT

THE PROPERTY OF AARON P. HEALY, BROOKLYN





THE OX



TREADING OUT THE GRAIN IN EGYPT.



CENES like this are probably among the very oldest in the history of mankind; and in this land of the sun and the pyramids, we may know, from the testimony of the monuments, that they date back to the prehistoric Pharaohs. Cut in relief on the walls of the tombs along the banks of the Nile, are oxen thus treading out the corn, blinded sometimes, but not muzzled—as the Hebrew oxen, when so employed, were forbidden to be muzzled, and the inscription accompanying gives the words of the refrain which the husbandman chanted to them at

their labors. An English Egyptologist gives this somewhat irreverent translation of the inscription:

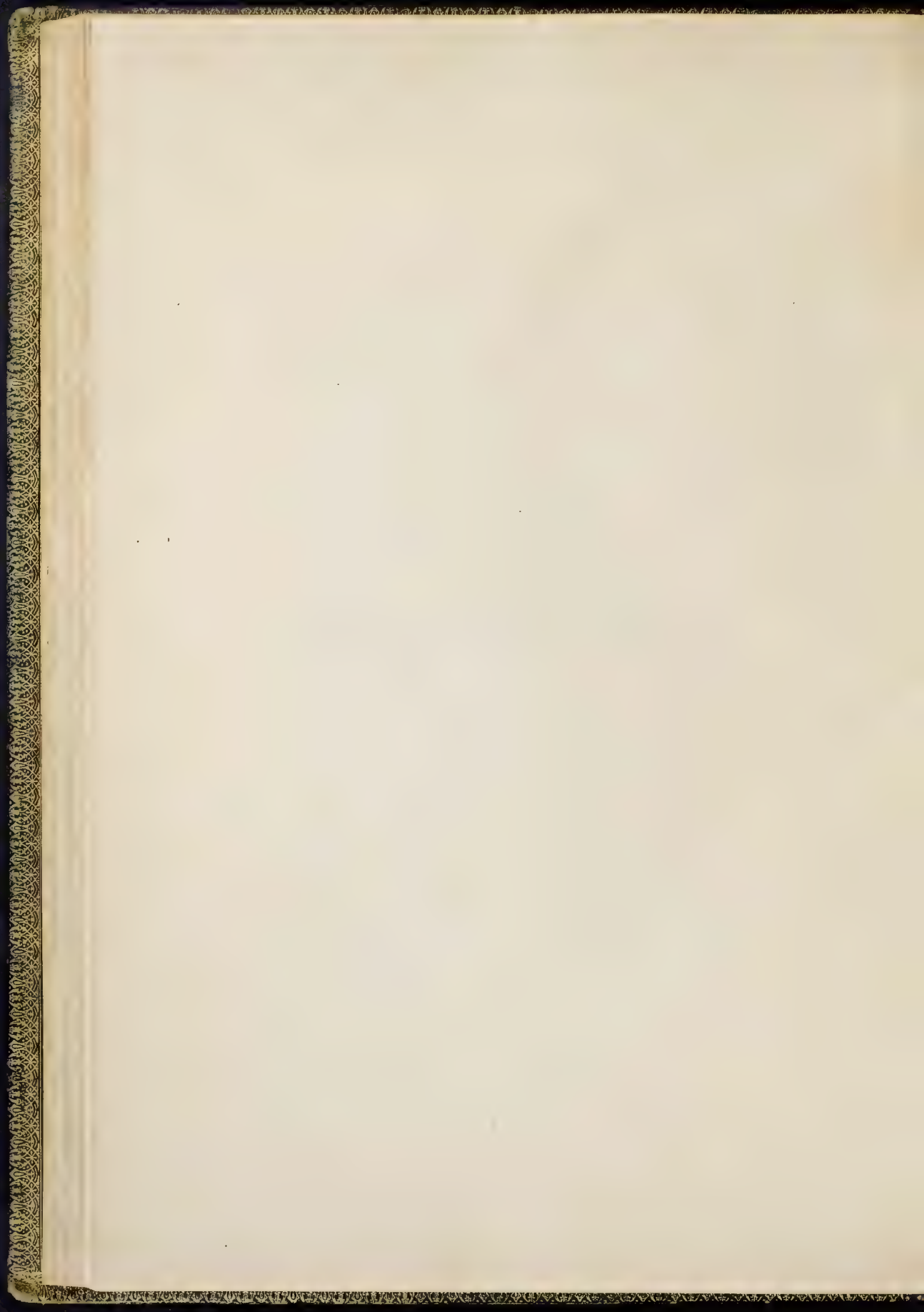
“Hi! along! oxen! tread the corn faster;
The chaff for yourselves, the grain for your master.”

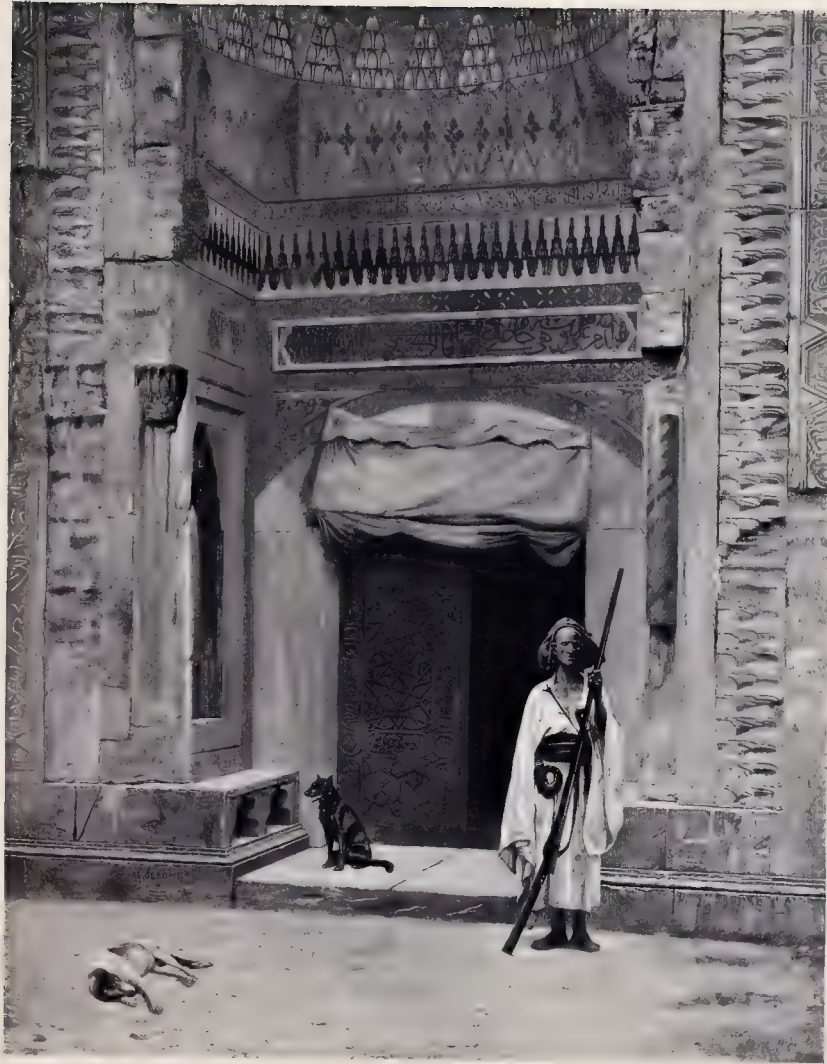
One of the first problems that confronted primitive man was this one of separating the edible kernel of his just-ripened grain from the non-edible husk, and this simple method of accomplishing his object must soon have presented itself to his inquiring mind. To hammer the wheat out between two stones was tedious; to beat it out with the tread of his own feet, or with the flail, was fatiguing, especially in tropical countries; to set his beasts of burden to trampling it out

TREADING OUT THE GRAIN IN EGYPT.

seemed to his rude mind a perfectly satisfactory solution of the difficulty; and in many Eastern countries, horses, oxen, and donkeys still perform this part of the harvest duties, sometimes driven round and round the circle of grain at a wild gallop, with much accompaniment of shouting and excitement, as in Poland and Wallachia; sometimes slowly and rhythmically, as in this poppied land of the Nile. Certainly, in Gérôme's simple and grave picture, in which the measured motion of man and beast is like a symphony in two movements—like the beat of the chant of a hymn to Jupiter Ammon—the subtle harmonies of the relations between nature and primitive man are admirably told. There are three or four of these simple scenes of agricultural and rural life in Egypt which seem to us to be among the painter's very best achievements; in which, with a most unaffected plainness of speech in telling his tale, like a child's or a ballad-singer's, he rises to heights of simple dignity and grace and natural harmony worthy of Hesiod. This ebony fellah, with his perpendicular draperies and his long lance, holds slightly the cord attached to the horns of his majestic dumb servitors as they circle round and round on their pathway of cut grain; behind them are the fertile banks of the Nile, happy and abundant, dotted with palm trees; and, in the distance, Nilus himself, restored to his natural bed. The oxen, most handsome and prosperous-looking beasts, are the real heroes of the scene: their silken coats are skilfully contrasted in color, their necks ornamented with palm-branches, and that curious air of mystery which a mask always gives to man or beast serves to heighten the interest the spectator feels in them. Taken in the composition with their master, they make a group that might inspire a sculptor—a group that puts to ignominious rout those complacent Parisian critics who declared (formerly) that the "decorative instinct" was absolutely lacking in Gérôme. And it will not do to say that nature saved the painter the trouble of composing his lines, as any draughtsman may readily discover for himself, by undertaking to make as good a group as this out of one man and two oxen. The instinct for simple, decorous, effective forms, which has lately transformed this painter into an equally remarkable sculptor, may be felt in very many of these unconventional groups of three or four personages set in the midst of a level landscape.

THE SENTINEL OF THE SULTAN'S TOMB





THE LIE TINEH OF THE SULTAN & TIME



SENTINEL AT THE SULTAN'S TOMB.



VER the remains of his great of the earth—Sultans, Pachas, Saints, and Dervishes—the Muslim erects stately tombs, sometimes attaining the dimensions of capacious edifices, as in the one here portrayed, and often displaying the most beautiful effects of his architecture. The Tombs of the Mamelukes, just outside the gates of Cairo, are one of the sights of that city; and many even of the Mosques, like that of Hassan, built over the remains of Caliphs

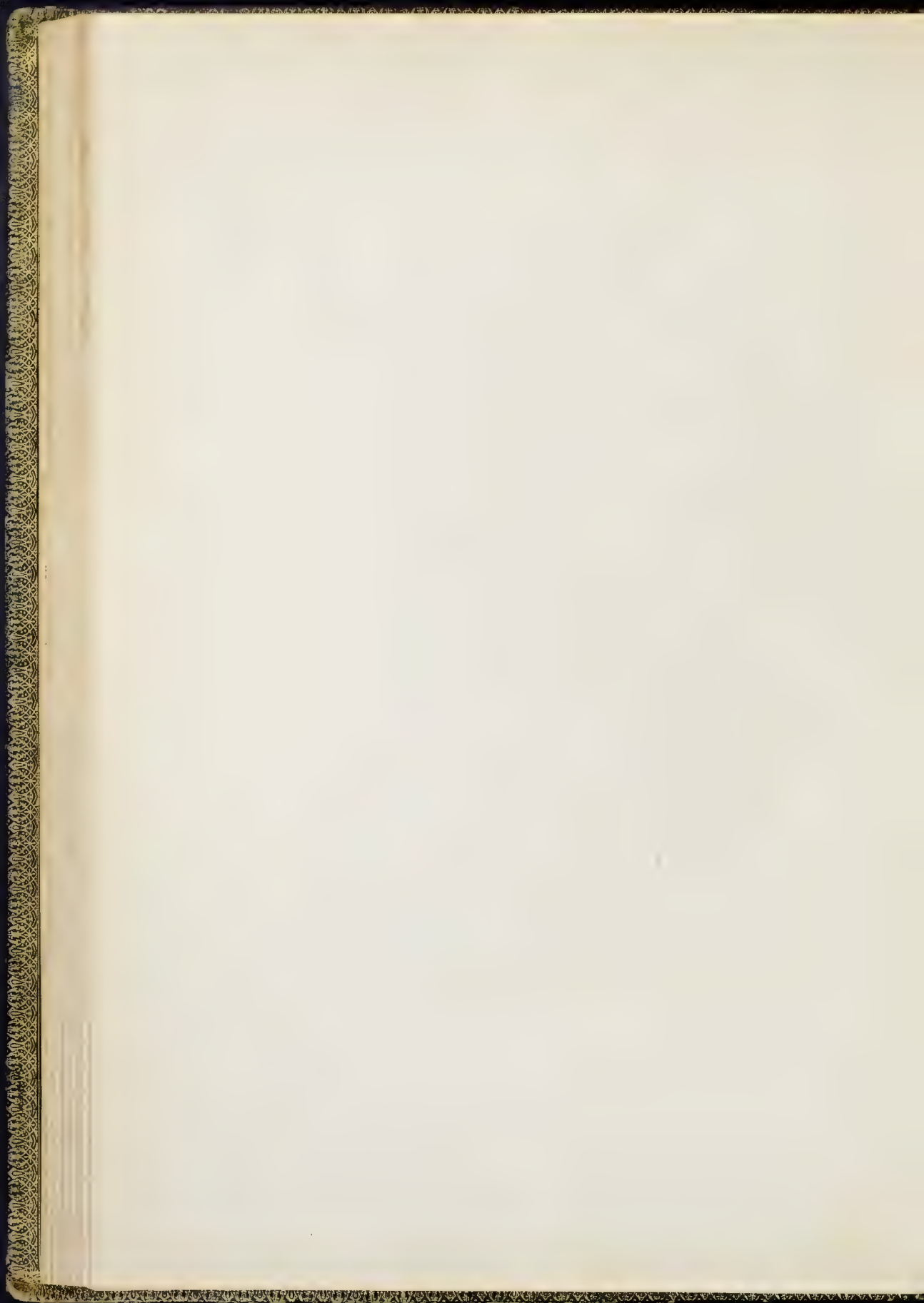
and Martyrs, are mausoleums of the noblest order. Thackeray in his Philistine journey to Cairo, in 1844, encountered once or twice a bit of Eastern life which did not disturb his British bile, and among these exceptions was the mausoleum of the Sultan Mahmoud's family, at Constantinople. "These royal burial-places," he explains, "are the resort of the pious Muslims. Lamps are kept burning there; and in the antechambers, copies of the Koran are provided for the use of believers; and you never pass these cemeteries but you see Turks washing at the cisterns, previous to entering for prayer, or squatted on the benches, chanting passages from the sacred volume. Christians, I believe, are not admitted, but may look through the bars, and see the coffins of the defunct monarchs and children of the royal race. Each lies in his narrow sarcophagus, which is commonly flanked by huge candles,

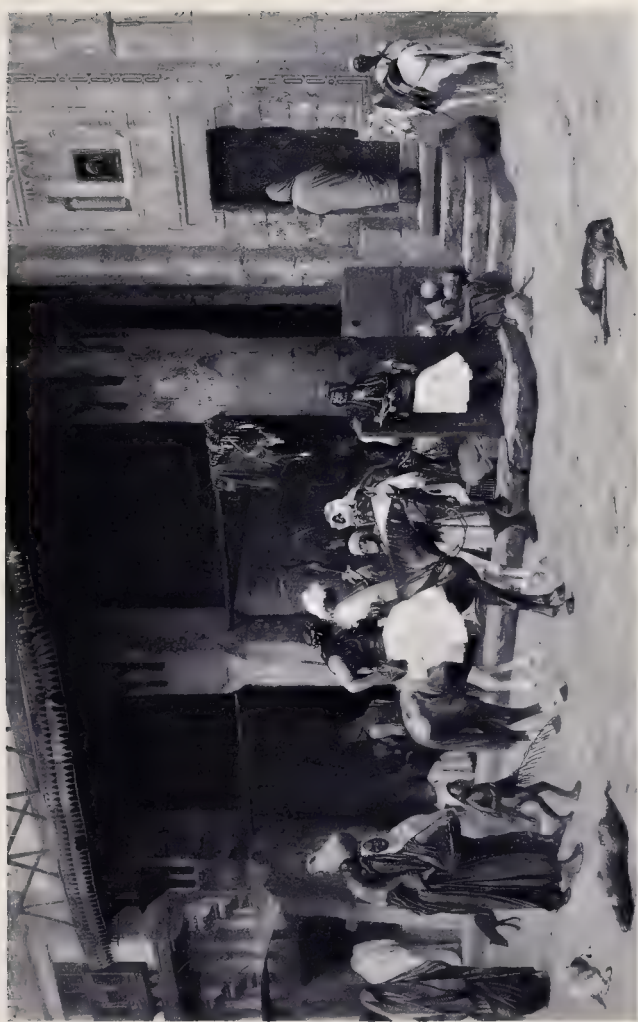
SENTINEL AT THE SULTAN'S TOMB.

and covered with a rich embroidered pall. At the head of each coffin rises a slab, with a gilded inscription; for the princesses, the slab is simple, not unlike our own monumental stones. The headstones of the tombs of the defunct princes are decorated with a turban, or, since the introduction of the latter article of dress, with a red fez. That of Mahmoud is decorated with the imperial aigrette.

"In this dismal, but splendid museum, I remarked two little tombs with little red fezzes—very small, and, for very young heads evidently, which were lying under the little embroidered palls of state. I forget whether they had candles too; but their little flame of life was soon extinguished, and there was no need of many pounds of wax to typify it. These were the tombs of Mahmoud's grandsons, nephews of the present Light of the Universe, and children of his sister, the wife of Halil Pacha." At the stately entrance of one of these royal mausoleums, Gérôme posts a sentry—or, rather, two, for the panting dog sitting upright on the step is equally vigilant, and equally inoffensive—and encamps himself with his canvas stool and travelling easel in front of them, for one of his most faithful transcripts. The portal itself, in spite of its broken columns and battered carvings, is a handsome piece of Saracenic architecture, now, alas! fast disappearing before the ravages of time and the encroachments of the Brummagem fashions of Europe. The heavy leathern curtain that guards the carved wooden doors is rolled up to give entrance to this silent mansion, and overhead is the inscription in long-tailed Arabic, setting forth the titles and virtues of the deceased. To the left of the door-way a solemn old invalid warrior is stationed, draped in a single long-sleeved cotton gown, and equipped with a gun much more lengthy than himself, sabre, and powder-horn. If his armament falls somewhat short of the requirements of modern warfare, it comports admirably with his imperturbable bronzed figure and with the picturesque decay of his surroundings. Possibly the two dogs, impressed with the military inefficiency of this old warrior in case of a sudden incursion of the infidel Franks whom they have seen in the streets of the city, have resolved, unclean animals as they are, to lend their aid in mounting guard over the remains of the Commander of the Faithful, and are now relieving each other alternately in this pious duty.

STREET IN AIPO







A STREET IN CAIRO.

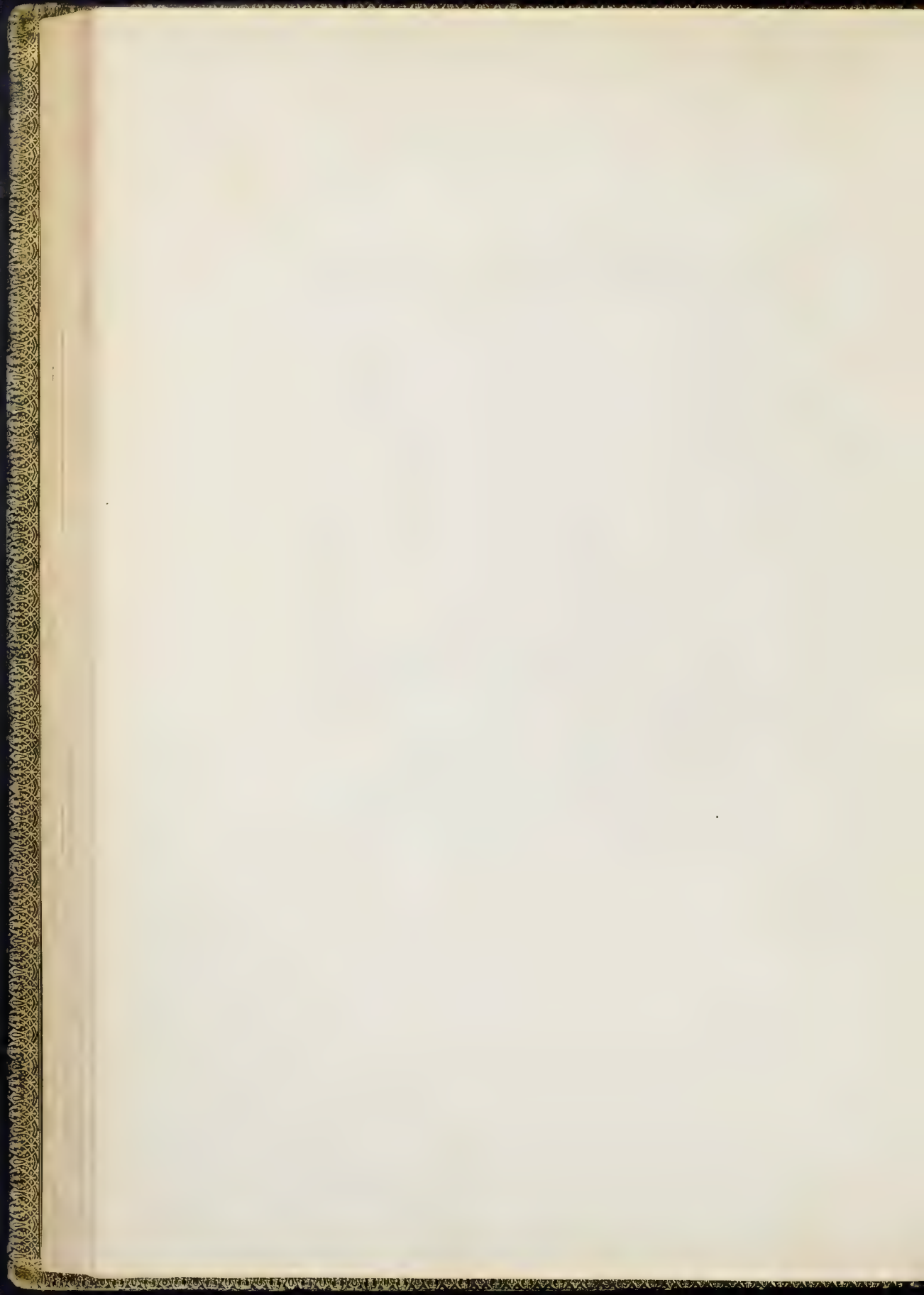


IN this skilfully varied panorama, the painter has grouped a dozen of his separate studies of Cairene life in a sort of résumé of his experiences in that most paintable of cities. The veiled ladies shopping, at the extreme left; the marching negresses, draped and barefoot, and with their capable offspring clothed "only in the tight brown robe with which nature has provided him," as Mr. Titmarsh modestly puts it; the two horsemen, pulled up in front of the bazaars, and one of which takes his stirrup-draught from the sour-visaged old believer; the idlers in the corner, and the lady paying her morning call, whilst her host looks out suspiciously from the small window above the door, and her white donkey and black donkey-boy await her at the extreme right of the scene—M. Gérôme has selected his groups with a sort of cyclopædic, as well as artistic, completeness. The dusky shops, with their half-seen occupants, form the background of this varied parade, and the mangy street-dogs, judiciously disposed here and there, serve to complete the "local color." Thirteen years before Gérôme's visit to Egypt, Thackeray had proclaimed the artistic value of the streets of Cairo, and recommended them strongly to the artists of his own befogged little island—"There is a fortune to be made for painters in Cairo," said he, "and materials for a whole academy in them. I never saw such a variety of architecture, of life, of picturesqueness, of brilliant color, and light and shade. There is a picture in every street, and at every bazaar-stall."

A STREET IN CAIRO.

"How to describe the beauty of the streets to you!" he exclaims, in another place—"the fantastic splendor; the variety of the houses and archways and hanging roofs and balconies and porches; the delightful accidents of light and shade which checker them; the noise, the bustle, the brilliancy of the crowd; the interminable vast bazaars with their barbaric splendor!" And of the veiled portresses of babies and jars in our scene, he says: "The Arab women are some of the noblest figures I have ever seen. The habit of carrying jars on the head always gives the figure grace and motion; and the dress the women wear certainly displays it to full advantage. I have brought a complete one home with me, at the service of any lady for a masked ball. It consists of a coarse blue dress of calico, opened in front and fastened with a horn-button; three yards of blue stuff for a veil; on the top of the veil a jar to be balanced on the head; and a little black strip of silk to fall over the nose, and leave the beautiful eyes full liberty to roll and roam. But such a costume, not aided by any stays or any other article of dress whatever, can be worn only by a very good figure. I suspect it won't be borrowed for many balls next season." And M. Paul Lenoir, giving the impressions produced on his lively Parisian mind by this city, says: "That which contributes to give to the streets an aspect so novel for us, is the peculiar nature of the tumult in them. This absence of pavement and of the rolling of vehicles, the dull sound of the foot-falls of the dromedaries on the beaten soil, gives a mysterious and almost religious character, to the novel spectacle, which quite absorbed us. . . . The Arab traverses the streets in silence; the shopkeepers only cry their merchandise in certain special bazaars; and the sellers of clothing, and of old clothes by auction, are almost the only ones who use this privilege. The nature of the noise is thus very characteristic," and "the methodical march of each individual in the streets accentuates still more this mysterious character."

ALMEHS PLAYING CHECKERS







ALMEHS PLAYING CHESS.



EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, Hon. M.R.S.L., etc., whose work on the "Modern Egyptians" is one of the most complete and authentic authorities on the manners and customs of the Land of the Nile, says, in his description of the Cairene dancing girls: "There are female professional singers of an inferior class who sometimes dance in the harem; hence travellers have often misapplied the name of *Almeh*, to the common dancing girl." The *Almehs*, according to him, are female

singers, and as he lived for several years in the country, in turban and slippers like a true believer, and acquired an excellent knowledge of Arabic, his dictum may be considered as final. And as M. Gérôme, in one of his best known paintings, has applied this title to his swaying dancer, we may be supposed to pine in some degree of doubt as to the exact nature of the profession of these fair chess-players, which is not a matter of the gravest importance. That they are sumptuous and handsome and picturesque, is much more to the point; skilfully posed and voluminously draped; large and round and undulating; uncivilized, and yet not barbaric. There is a sense of freeness and amplitude about them, a sense of unlaced waists and unconfined limbs, which even the untechnical eye can appreciate. The one on the right, who meditates the next move on the checkered

ALMEHS PLAYING CHESS.

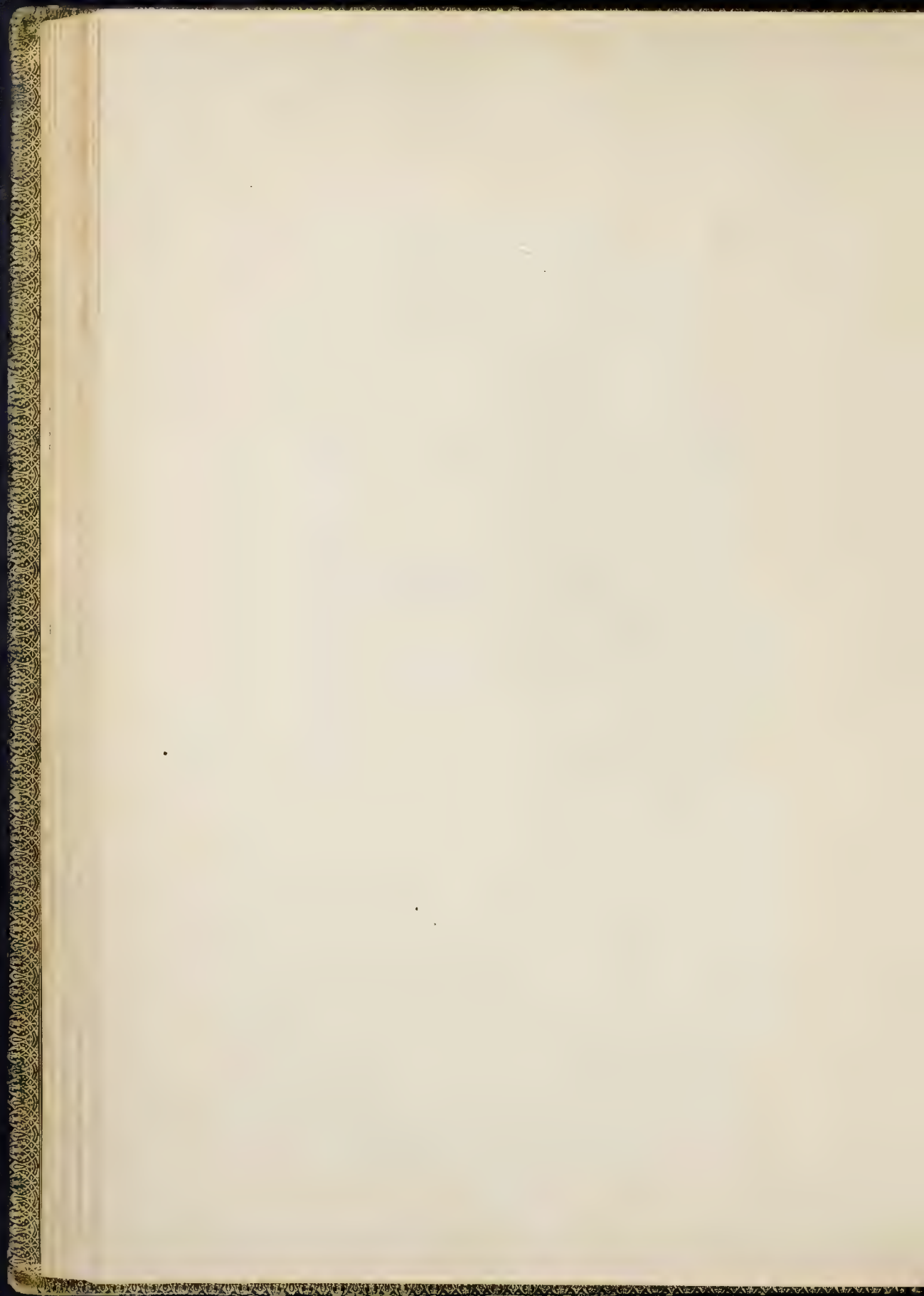
board, might serve for one of the painter's muscular Roman Vestals, with her large arms and her white drapery; but her opponent, who clasps her knee and her long pipe idly, might almost sit for the portrait of the Arab beauty, so extravagantly praised by an Eastern lover:

"She hath a slender waist connected by heavy hips that tyrannize both over me and her;
They confound me when I think upon them, and weigh her down when she would rise!"

A much-armed male spectator stoops over the first of these players, evidently with the intent of giving her aid and comfort against her lethargic antagonist, and in the background of the café a half-dozen of his comrades sit around in a semicircle under the wide archway of the wall, and lit by a rather unnecessary diagonal ray of solidified sunlight. To the left, the black-a-visaged cook stirs his fire and prepares his bitter coffee for his guests, male and female. Possibly the latter, when their mimic warfare is ended, will spread their dancing-carpets once more, and balance themselves backward and forward in the long drama which the painter has so well portrayed elsewhere. Mr. Lane assures us that many of these fair performers are "extremely handsome, and most of them richly dressed." The costume which they generally wear is similar to that of the women of the middle class in Egypt in private life in the harem, and of rich materials. They also wear many ornaments of various kinds, their eyes are bordered with the kohl (or black collyrium), and the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, and their toes and other parts of their feet are stained with the red dye of the henna, according to the general custom of the middle and higher classes of Egyptian women.

GENERAL BONAPARTE IN EGYPT

THE PROPERTY OF R. L. KENNEDY F.O. NEW YORK





ENFANT SINAÏTE EN ÉGYPT



GENERAL BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.



SIDNEY SMITH and St. Jean d'Acre were the turning-point of the expedition to Egypt—the most dramatic and picturesque military episode of modern history—and Gérôme, who has painted the great young captain looking down for the first time on Cairo, is here moved to portray a more sombre episode in the later chapter of his campaign in that burning climate. It is no longer the first breathless and eager night march from the first disembarkment at the Creek of the Marabou to the walls of Alexandria, in which Bonaparte and

his staff, including Caffarelli, his chief of engineers, with his wooden leg, had to walk four or five leagues over the sand, as there was no time to land horses; nor the subsequent advance on Cairo, in which the flotilla ascended the Nile abreast of the army, and the soldiers, though they had great hardships to endure, kept close to the river and could bathe every night in its waters, and moreover had all their ardor revived by the sight of the enemy. This march across the desert is rather the retreat from Sir Sidney Smith's well-defended town, before whose untakable ramparts the French advance toward Constantinople and the Empire of the East was definitely arrested. The siege had lasted from the 1st of Ventôse to the 1st of Prairial, three months, the French had sustained considerable losses, and

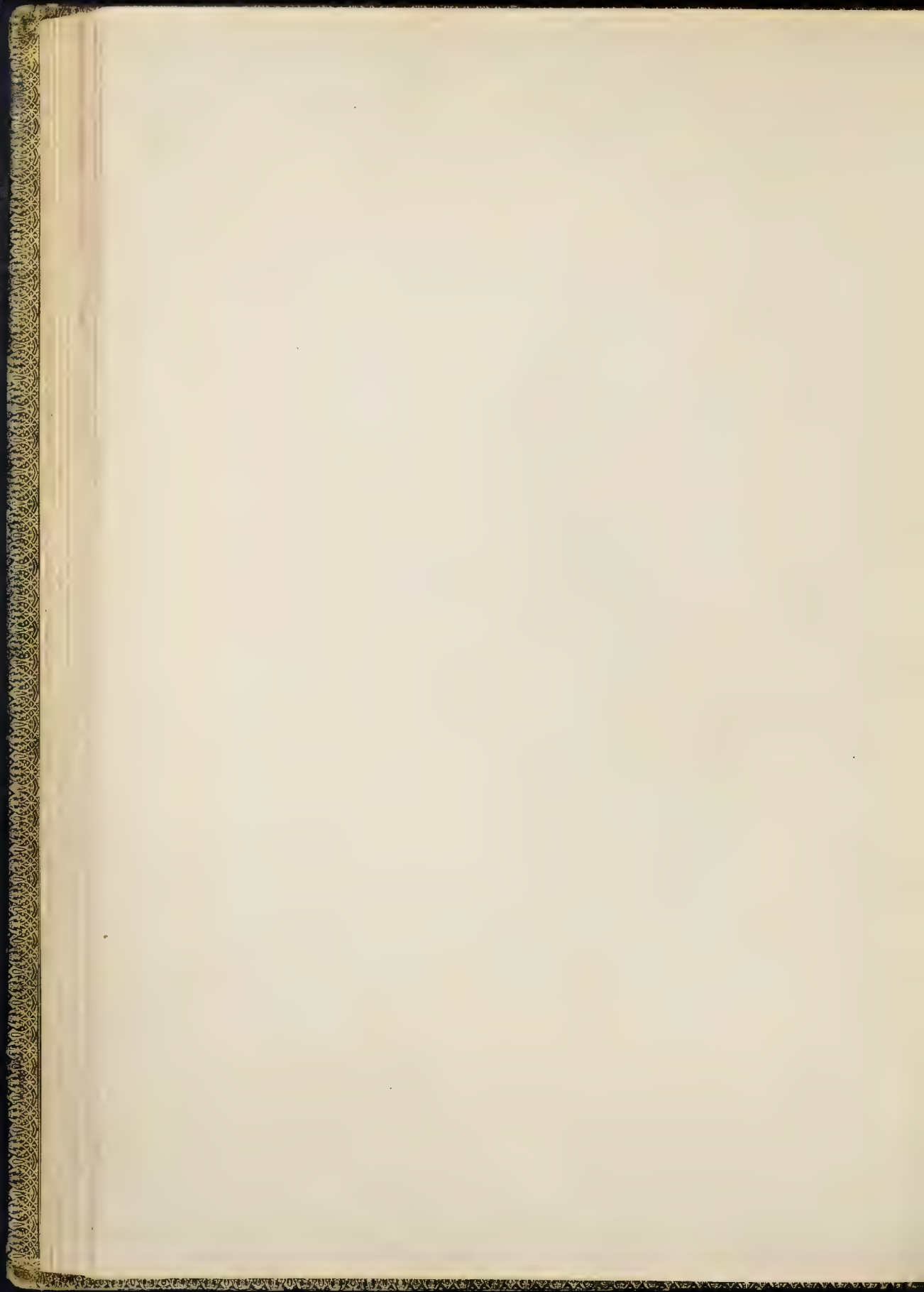
GENERAL BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.

there were no hopes of reinforcements. The plague was in Acre, and the army had caught the contagion in Jaffa. The season for landing troops approached, and the arrival of a Turkish army near the mouths of the Nile, in the rear of Bonaparte, was expected. By persisting longer in his attempts on the town the general was liable to weaken himself to such an extent as not to be able to repulse new enemies. Nothing was left but to raise the siege. Thiers says, "Such, however, was his regret, that, notwithstanding his unparalleled destiny, he was frequently known, when speaking of Sir Sidney Smith, to make use of the expression: 'That man disappointed me of my fortune.' The Druses, who, during the siege, had supplied the army with provisions, and all the tribes hostile to the Porte, were thrown into despair by the news of the retreat." Overwhelming the town with his fire, in a last supreme effort, and leaving it nearly reduced to ashes, and its ditch filled with corpses, he turned his course back to the desert. Through hardship, fire, and disease, he had lost four thousand men, nearly one-third of his army. He carried with him twelve hundred wounded. Ravaging the whole country by the way, striking terror everywhere, blowing up the fortifications of Jaffa as he left it, he at length reached Egypt, after an expedition of nearly three months. He had to "curb not only the inhabitants, but his own generals, and the army itself. A deep discontent pervaded it.

A sombre melancholy preyed upon every heart." "Bonaparte saw the brave Lannes and Murat themselves take off their hats, dash them on the sand, and trample them under foot. He, however, overawed all. His presence imposed silence, and sometimes restored cheerfulness. The soldiers would not impute their sufferings to him." But, mounted on his ungainly beast of burden, in this burning and dreary march, as Gérôme portrays him, with his discontented and defeated army around him, and his back to his "fortune," he experiences, for the first time, the bitterness of disappointed ambition, of which, in later life, he was to drink the cup to the dregs. Gloomy and reticent as ever, the painter shows him, unmindful of the torrid discomfort of the march, and surrounded by his fatigued and depressed officers, mounted, like himself, on the lurching ships of the desert, and still wearing the incongruous uniforms of the Republic. The draped and turbaned camel-driver, walking at his side, alone looks up reverently to the great chief who is still to him Sultan Kebir.

THE RUNNERS OF THE PASHA

THE PROPERTY OF ROBERT L STUART NEW YORK





THE FATHA - JERUSALEM



THE RUNNERS OF THE PACHA.



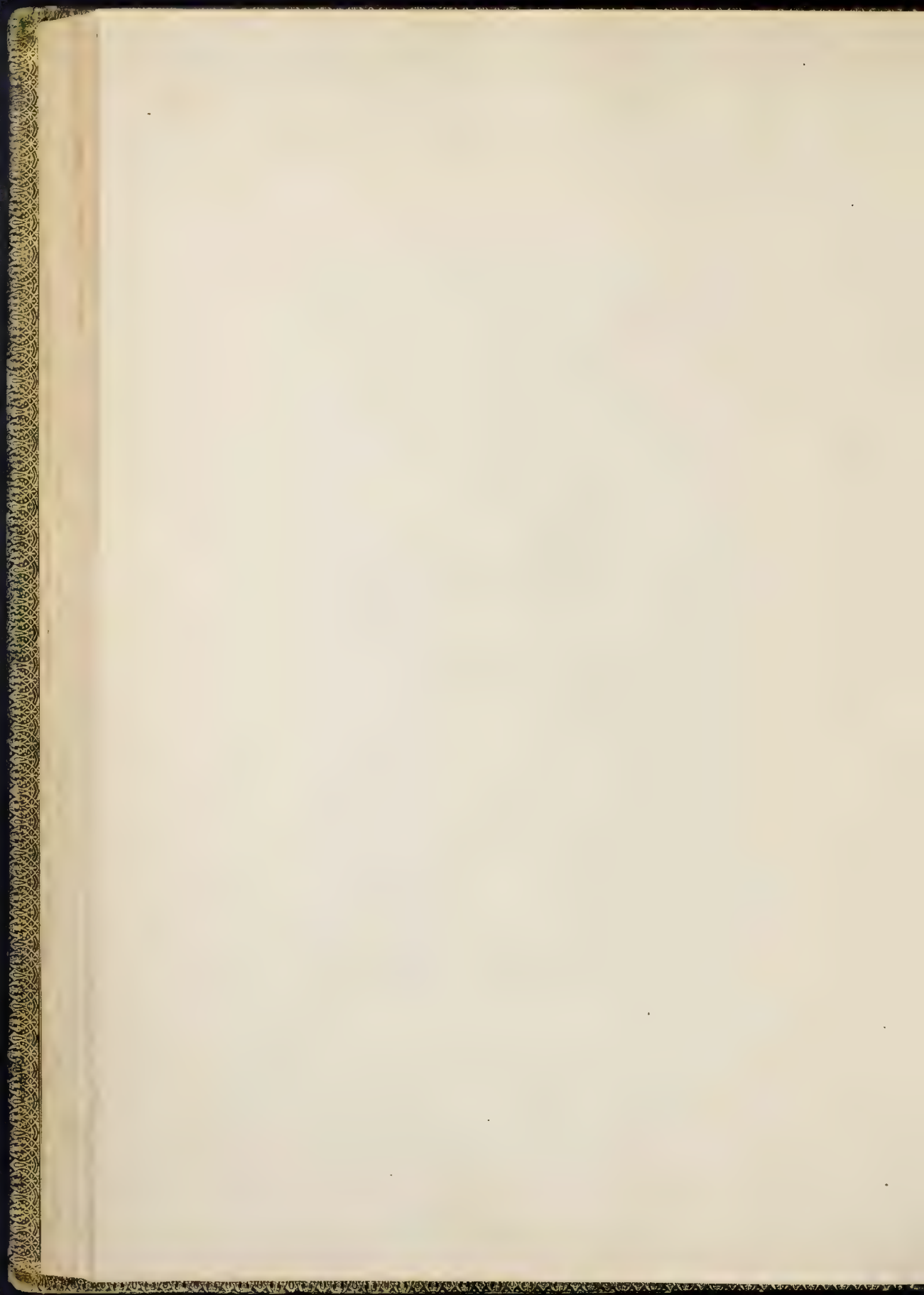
ONCERNING these Eastern subjects of Gérôme's, with which he electrified the Parisians at the Salons of 1857, 1858, and 1859, and the novel methods he employed in his painting, M. Edmond About said: "If he is not careful, he is menaced with turning into a Gerard Dow, and Gerard Dow—(Heaven help us!)—with the facility of a Rubens." It would be difficult to give a more explicit illustration of the niceties of technical criticism. From Gerard Dow to Rubens is a long, precipitate journey. There are those who prefer the Dutchman to the Fleming; and a painter who combines the qualities of both, or who furnishes the spectacle of passing from the style of one to that of the other, is certainly a notable man. None of Gérôme's figures have furnished more material for discussion, for amateurs and dilettanti, than the two runners in the foreground of this present painting. Do they launch themselves outward with the fire and vigor of Rubens' figures? or are they carefully studied manikins, modelled in clay or papier-maché, draped in miniature and posed in the sun so that every shadow may be geometrically correct? M. About probably saw in them only the accurate finish of the Dutch genre-painters; but, since he has compared the painter to Dow, he is logically bound to see here also the "wonderful truth to nature" with which Rem-

THE RUNNERS OF THE PACHA.

brandt's pupil is credited, and "the richness, transparency, vigor, and harmony of his color," which "are beyond all praise." Between these bronzed footmen and the Marriage of Marie de Médicis, in the Louvre, there is a certain distance. In full noonday the Pacha issues from under the gateway of the great fort or Kasbah at Cairo, surrounded by his guards and preceded by two couriers, who have tucked up their sleeves and loose trousers, and who dash out into the desert to herald his coming. Every detail of these two figures, posed in the full blaze of the all-revealing sunlight, is painted with even more than Gérôme's usual fidelity; never were objects in rapid motion more deliberately studied. Clothed in the nearest approach to a uniformity of vesture that the Eastern attendant ever attains, and keeping step as they run, their poses and their individual characters are strongly varied. One of them bends his long wand over his shoulders with both hands, while the other, seen more in profile, swings arms and legs in unison. Behind them rise the dismantled walls of the citadel, built in alternate layers of red and white stone, and from under the arched gateway comes the white-turbaned Pacha and his suite, his beautiful, long-maned Arab picking his way carefully down the shallow flight of steps. It is a little bit of the pomp and show of the East, lit by its blazing sunlight, and veiling, under an outer decorum, whatever of terror and tyranny this display of official power may excite. The sedate rider, with his easy seat and his long beard, may be one of those petty tyrants who, nowhere more than in Egypt, love to display their cruelty at the expense of their unfortunate subjects. Perhaps he is even now returning from his daily ride through the bazars, where it is his cheerful custom to insure honest weights and measures by hanging the cheating baker up against his own door, with a cake of his light-weight bread around his neck; or a butcher, with a piece of his own dishonest meat hung by a nose-ring to his nostrils. One of these meddling rulers, finding one day a vender of earthen jars selling an inferior quality under a better name, caused his attendants to break every article of his merchandise against the unlucky merchant's head. But these moral or immoral attributes of his sitter do not trouble the painter; he only sees a picturesque "*motif*," lit by the refulgent star of day, and he paints it according to the method of Gerard Dow, or the facility of Rubens, as you please.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED

PAINTED FOR M. TURNER







THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.



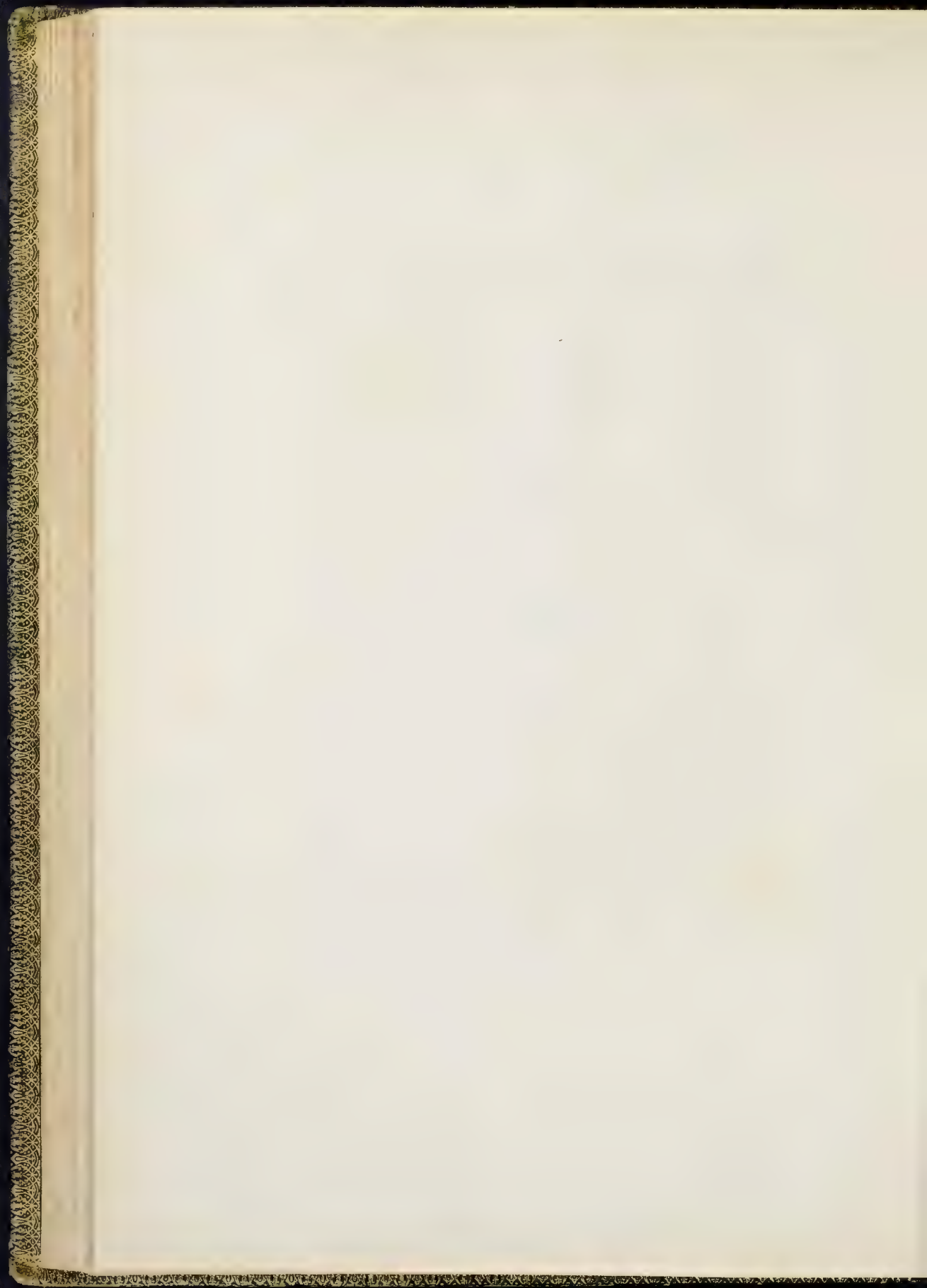
THE painter has narrated this tragedy of the Desert in his most simple and effective manner; and, as we contemplate it, we are even more touched by the despair of the rider at the parting with his faithful companion and friend, than by the peril of his situation, left alone and on foot in the midst of these burning wastes of sand. There is a certain unspeakable sense of heat and silence and remoteness in the scene, water and food and human help are very far away, and the sand has sifted down

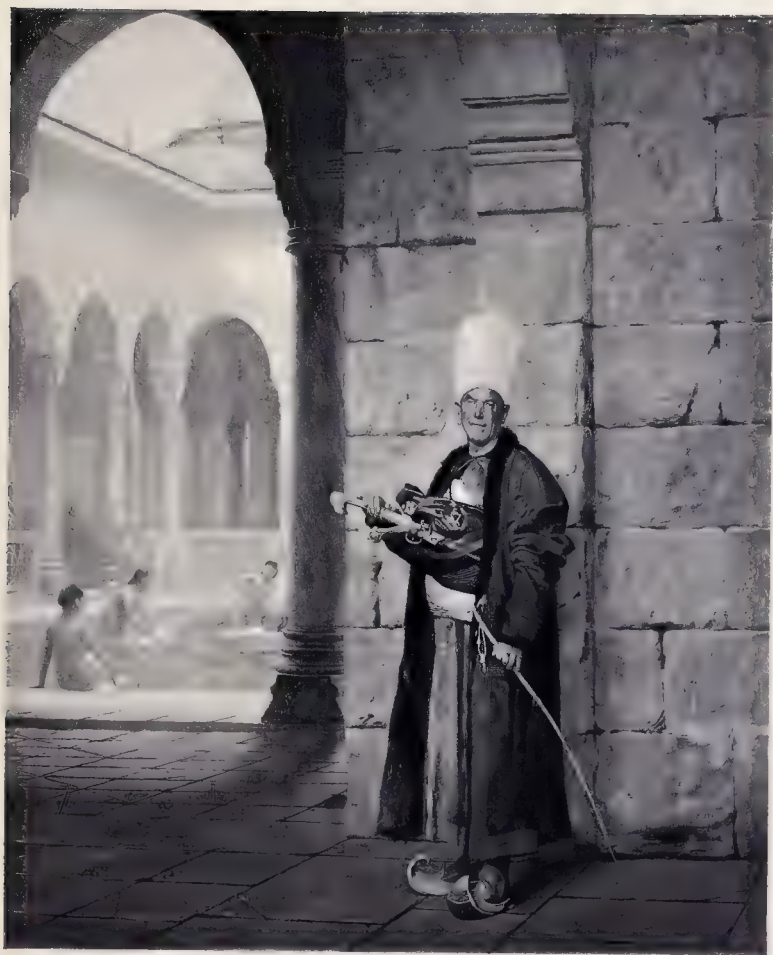
thus, over these low hills, since the foundation of the world. The good horse, pushed to her uttermost, has distanced all her pursuers and carried her master far beyond their reach, and now, spent and dying, she lies with her great head in his lap, and the useless halter flung away on the sand. It is a scene by no means uncommon in the stories of these nomad warriors, and the pathos of it is quite human and universal. The traveller Burckhardt gives an account of a band of well-mounted Druses, who, in 1815, attacked a troop of Bedouins in the Hauran, and chased them into their camp; and there, surrounding them on all sides, and greatly outnumbering them, put them all to death, excepting one warrior, who succeeded in escaping through their lines on his fleet mare. He was furiously

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

pursued by the best mounted horsemen of the victorious troop, and the chase left rocks, plains, and hills far behind, pushing straight out into the Desert with the speed of the wind, for the Druses were implacable and had sworn the death of the last of their enemies. But, "after several hours of this course, truly infernal, their rage vanquished by their admiration for the wonderful mare which still left them far behind," they called after the fleeing Arab and promised him his life if he would arrest his course, and allow them to view closer and to salute with their kisses the forehead of his most excellent steed. To this he consented, and in quitting him, the Druses addressed to him this phrase, proverbial among them: "Do thou wash the feet of thy courser, and drink the water afterward." By this hyperbole they wish to express their extreme affection for the courageous companion of their perils. The Bedouins count five noble races of horses, descended, according to their traditions, from the five favorite mares of the Prophet. (His nocturnal journey to Paradise was made on the back of the mare Borak, which had the face of a woman, a mane of pearls, and a tail of emeralds.) At the birth of a foal of a noble race, it is the custom of the Arabs to assemble in the tent a certain number of witnesses, who draw up, in writing, a formal attestation of the birth of this noble scion, and of the pedigree of his mother. This genealogical tree, duly confirmed by the apposition of the signatures and seal of the witnesses, is enclosed in a little leathern bag and suspended around the neck of the colt. From this time he takes his rank among the noble coursers, of which the envied possession has more than once occasioned a war between two tribes, for, as we have seen, the life of the warrior often depends upon the speed of his horse. The celebrated war of the stallion Dahis, which had its origin at a race of two of these animals, armed for forty years the tribes of Abs and of Dhobyah against each other; and during this long period, says the tradition, neither mare nor she-camel of either tribe foaled, for the war left them no repose. When Kaïs, chief of the Absides, by a sudden irruption into the camp of Benou-farhon captured the two daughters of Kirwasch and a hundred camels, he was glad to exchange them all for Dahis, and Kirwasch, on his return, could scarcely bring himself to pardon an arrangement which restored to him his daughters at the cost of his horse.

THE GRAND WHITE EUNUCH





THE FALL WHITE RINCH



THE GRAND WHITE EUNUCH.



OMER says that the day he enters into servitude the slave loses half the virtues of a man; but Greek is not the favorite study of the seraglio, and this unctuous and grinning dignitary, self-satisfied and proud of his charge, probably never heard the saying of the old man who dwelt in rocky Chios. The fair bathers, disporting themselves in the plashing fountain beyond, are only the treasures of price of which he is the many-weaponed guardian, and he finds in the importance of his

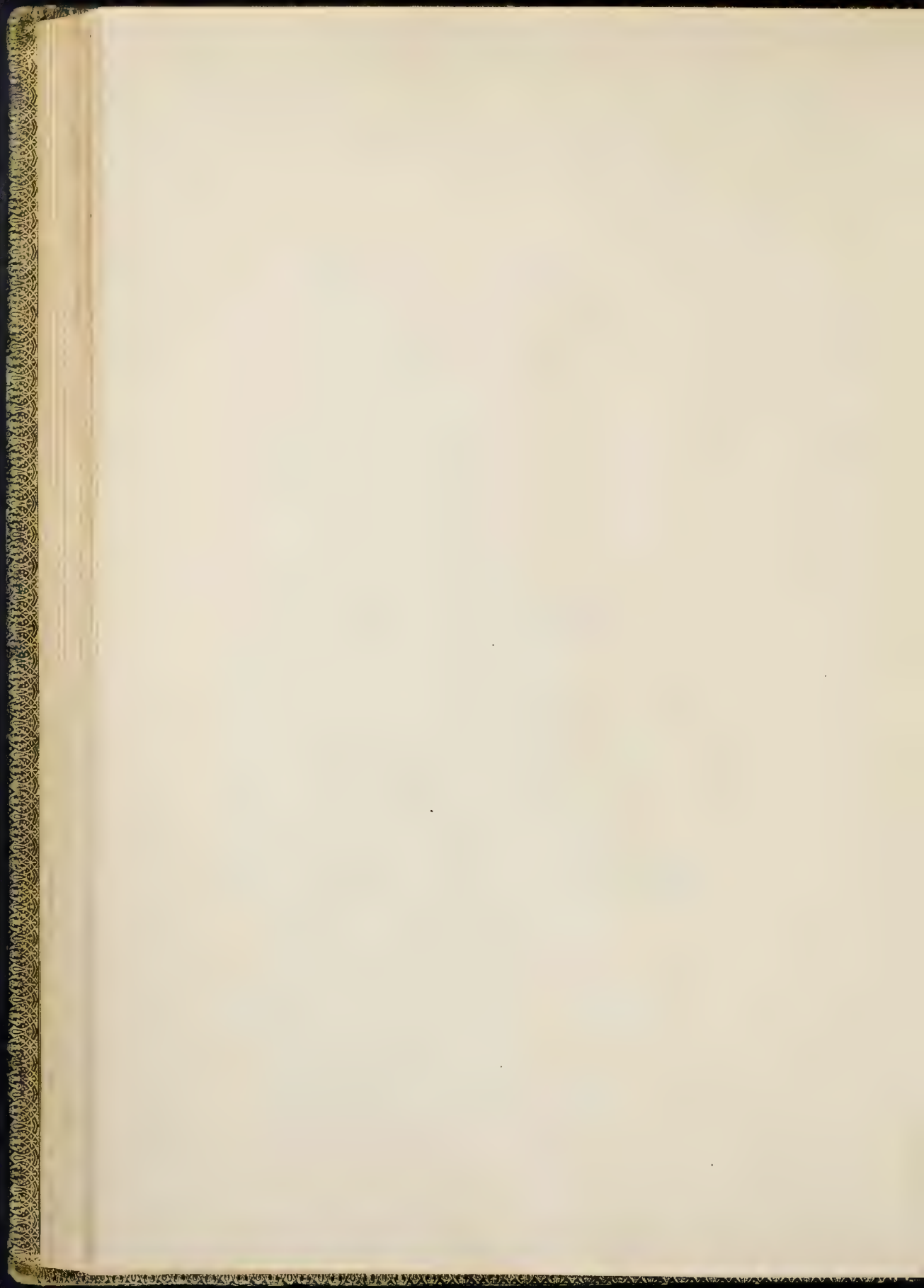
office, and the consideration which it brings him among men, ample compensation for his servitude. When Artaxerxes repassed the Euxine Sea, after his defeat by the Greeks, a violent tempest broke over his imperial bark, and the pilot declared that the vessel, overcrowded, was in imminent danger of foundering. Then might be seen the grandest lords of the Persian court advancing to prostrate themselves before the great king, and then precipitating themselves into the waves in order to save his inestimable life. In the Orient the degrees of servitude are infinite; and through all the ages men have abased themselves before known and unknown lords. Semiramis is asserted to have been the first who made use of the service of eunuchs among her slaves; and it is certain that they were common

THE GRAND WHITE EUNUCH.

among the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians. Potiphar was a eunuch of the Pharaoh of whom Moses speaks. From the East they passed to Rome, where they soon replaced the enfranchised slaves in the imperial favor. Under the reign of Heliogabalus especially, they became all-powerful; but it is above all at the court of Constantinople that they seem to have reigned as masters. Eusebius, favorite and grand chamberlain of Constantine II., filled his master's palace with them; and the empire of the East was thenceforward at their discretion. Among those of whom history has preserved the names, probably the most infamous was Eutropius, "that miserable slave, compounded of all the vices;" and among the best, Narses, who, at least, displayed remarkable talents. It was to him that the empress sent a distaff, saying that it was the only weapon suitable to men of his condition; but the invasion of the barbarians, summoned by Narses, was his answer to the insolent message. Among the patriarchs of Constantinople, four are said to have been eunuchs, Nicetas, Photius, Ignatius, and Methodius. The Turks, in possessing themselves of the domains of the Byzantine emperors, adopted their customs, and their palaces were filled with these degraded bondsmen, some of whom, occasionally, have occupied the most prominent offices in the empire. A very small number indeed have manifested, however, exceptional talents; among them, Ali, the valiant general of Soliman II., who commanded the Turkish army during the invasion of Hungary in 1556. At the reception of the ambassadors of the Greek Empress Zoe by the Caliph Moetader-Billah, at Bagdad, an army of one hundred and sixty thousand men is said to have been under arms, and followed in procession by the household of the caliph, composed of four thousand white eunuchs, three thousand black eunuchs, and seven hundred guards of the palace. The surface of the Tigris was covered with rich embarkations; enormous lions—tame, and led through the streets of the city by slaves—gave to this festival a barbaric aspect. In an immense saloon there appeared a marvellous tree, half golden and half of silver, "of which the fruits recalled the fables of the Thousand and One Nights."

EXCURSION OF THE HAREM

BY J. L. D. D.





THE MOSQUE AT CAIRO



EXCURSION OF THE HAREM.



ACCORDING to the chroniclers, the beautiful and indolent ladies of the East seldom make use of their feet, but to move from one chamber to another; when she goes abroad, the odalisque always rides; to walk, or even to stand for many minutes together, is, therefore, fatiguing to her. So, in the reverie of the Barber's Fifth Brother, beguiled of all the children of all the world for having kicked over his tray of glass at the end of his ambitious dream, and thereby shattered, at one blow, his visions of

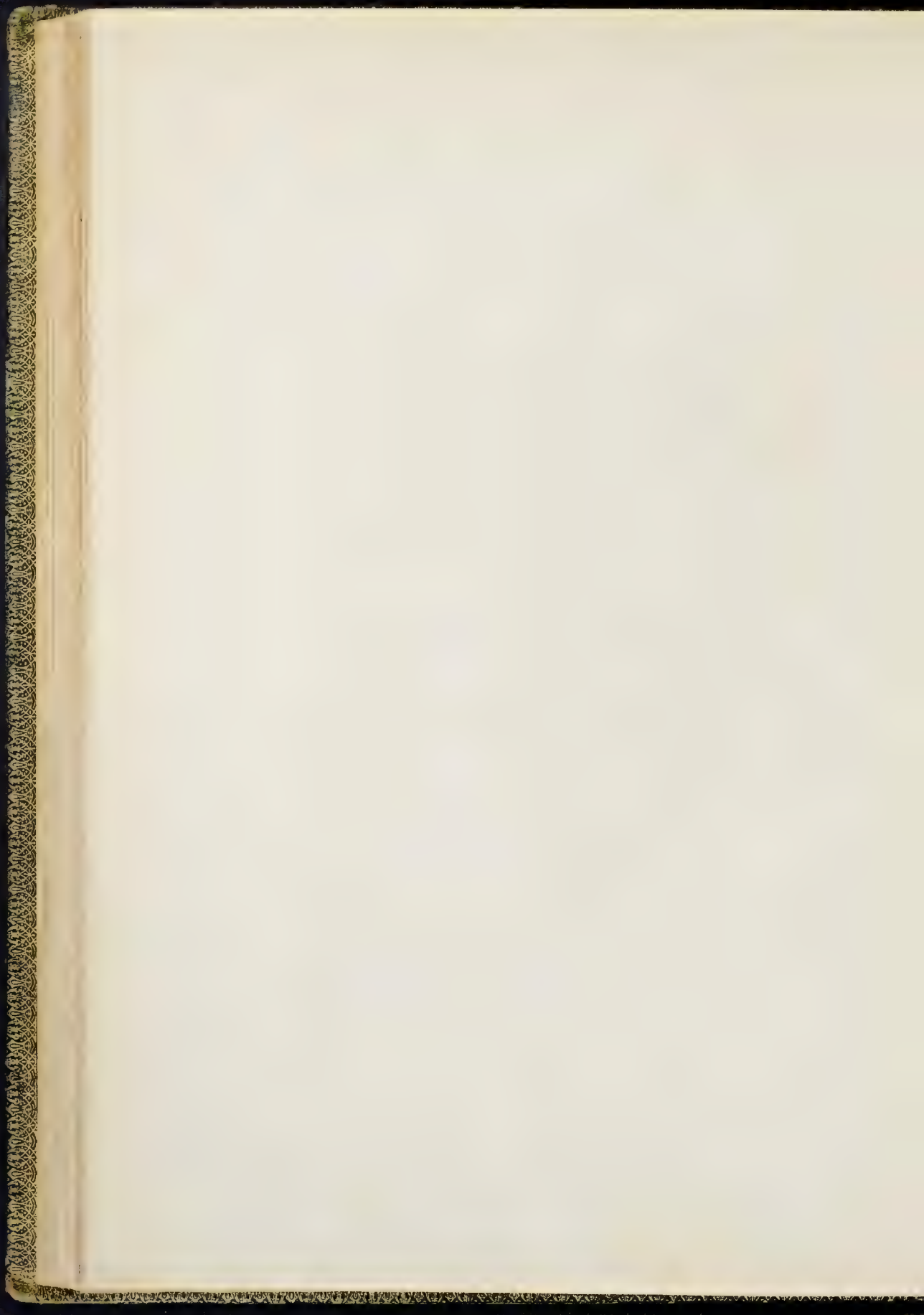
greatness and the means by which they were to be brought to fulfilment—says he, in his vain imaginings: "On the night of my bridal display, I will attire myself in the most magnificent of my dresses, and sit upon a mattress covered with silk; and when my wife cometh to me, like the full moon, decked with her ornaments and apparel, I will command her to stand before me, as stands the timid and abject. I will not look at her, on account of the haughtiness of my spirit and the gravity of my wisdom, so that the maids will say: 'O our master and our lord, may we be thy sacrifice! This thy wife, or rather thy handmaid, awaiteth thy kind regard, and is standing before thee; then, graciously bestow on her one glance, for the posture hath become painful to her.'" When this tender-footed sul-

EXCURSION OF THE HAREM.

tana traverses the streets of Cairo on her expeditions to the shops, or the bath, or to visit the inmates of another harem, she is generally mounted astride on a very high-saddled donkey, led by his driver; and when she takes her promenades by water, it is in some such more graceful fashion as that here shown by Gérôme. Indeed, it would be difficult to contrive a more decorative travelling equipage than this slender and swift caique traversing the Nile. The veiled beauties of the seraglio are provided with a little kiosk-shaped house, latticed back and front, that they may be secure from the profaning glances of their attendants, but open at the sides; a gigantic eunuch, with a red umbrella, mounts guard in front of them, and a second, perched on the high stern of the boat, steers with a long oar; a third attendant, turbaned and smoking, sits on the long, graceful prow, far above the water; and the eight ebony rowers stretch to their oars at full gallop, as it were. The painter has traced with keen enjoyment the long, sweeping curves of the boat, reversed by the reflection in the water below, and continued and completed by the larger vessels moored to the bank. Not even the gondolas of Venice furnish more beautiful specimens of naval architecture than these elegant pleasure-boats of the Nile, the pattern of which has come down, without much modification, from the time of the monuments; but it is to be observed that the presence of their occupants is highly necessary to the completeness of their grace. If we take away the crew of M. Gérôme's boat, or even any one of them, his skilful composition goes to pieces at once. Even the folds of the drapery of the two figures at the ends, falling below the outline of the boat, are of the utmost importance, and the steersman could not possibly hold his oar at any other angle without great æsthetic damage, so arbitrary are the rules of the eye! The shore toward which this most picturesque equipage directs its course is as simple and beautiful, and strange to Western eyes, as the little vessel itself. A distant range of hills on the left, tufted palms, springing singly and in groups, flattened into silvery silhouettes by the misty light, and so very skilfully posted from left to right, that we cannot help suspecting that the artist has supplemented Nature's arrangement a little: a low wall, a minaret and a dome; more palms; boats with raking sail-yards, and then heavier trees, buildings and walls, swelling into a *crescendo* at the extreme right, just where their inertia is wanted to complete the active lines of the boat in the foreground.

OLD CLOTHES DEALER OF CAIRO

THE PICTURE OF E. C. GIESON, L. Q. PHILADELPHIA





THE GILDED LEAF



MERCHANT OF CLOTHES AT CAIRO.



HETHER that personal sense which in English is generally called "picturesqueness" will avail us in the next world, is a question that has not yet sufficiently occupied the attention of theologians; but of its desirability and general value in the affairs of this lower sphere there can be no doubt—at least if we are to take the word of the painters. And it might be argued that it is not without its moral qualifications, inasmuch as it contributes, often in a very lively degree, to give a certain unselfish

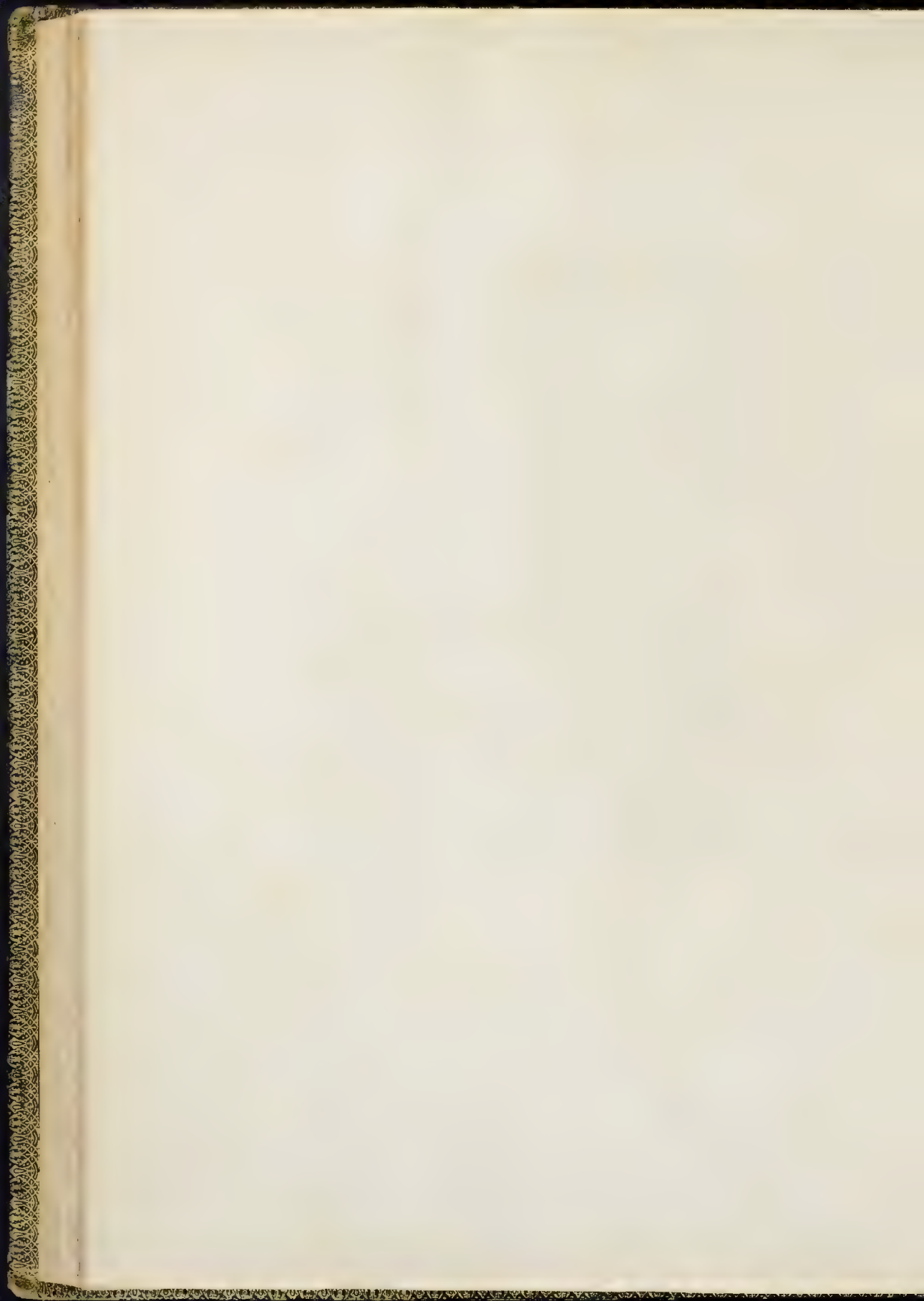
pleasure to other fellow-pilgrims. But just why certain races and certain countries should have this desirable virtue so highly developed, and others, often more highly civilized and enlightened, should so conspicuously advertise its absence, we are not fully prepared, at the present evolution of the race, to state. Possibly it is the Sun, the fountain of light and heat, the lioness-headed Sekhet, the divinity of the Gebhirs, who plants it in the character of those who live most under solar influence; and in the East, and the torrid countries of the globe, the searcher after this delightful quality of the *genus homo* certainly finds his most abundant reward. It needs but an old man selling a sword to a young one, with three idlers looking on, in the

MERCHANT OF CLOTHES AT CAIRO.

streets of Cairo, to make a picture in Gérôme's eye. If he had painted the same situation in a Massachusetts village, his personages would be equally offensive to art and song. Yet New Englanders would count much higher in that ascending scale which begins at the androgynous apes. The painter, "sticking to his last," confines himself strictly to that branch of wisdom which concerns him. From his point of view the result here attained is highly satisfactory, transient and unimportant as is the situation. The red-trousered young Turk and the three white-petticoated Arnauts are idling down the narrow Cairene street; in front of a little smoking café they encounter this peripatetic vender of second-hand articles, with his scanty stock-in-trade slung over his shoulder and suspended from his wrist; the curved sabre, swinging in the latter position, attracts the attention of the foremost loungeur, and, although like all his comrades he is already sufficiently armed, he accosts the owner and demands its price. The weapon is unsheathed, inspected, tested, and the verbose and long-winded negotiations, which attend the slightest mercantile transactions in this land where the Western ideas of the value of time are entirely unknown, are fairly under way. Down another little dark street comes one more man—a Frank, and a painter—the attributes of this unimportant merchandising strike his eye and his technical instincts; with the tricks of his trade he reproduces them on a little piece of canvas; and lo! there is a new thing brought into this work-a-day world to delight it for five hundred years. The Massachusetts man goes home with his new hoe, or fowling-piece, or cart-whip, and neither heaven nor earth is the happier. Allah Bismallah! shall the infidel thus extract sweetness and virtue out of the true believer that he cannot get out of his own misbegotten creed? At the great day of judgment shall he not have to give account for his misdeeds; and to furnish with living souls every one of these cunning figures that he has stolen from the children of the Prophet without their knowledge?

THE HORSE-DEALER

THE PROPERTY OF JAMES S. MASON





HORSE DEALER

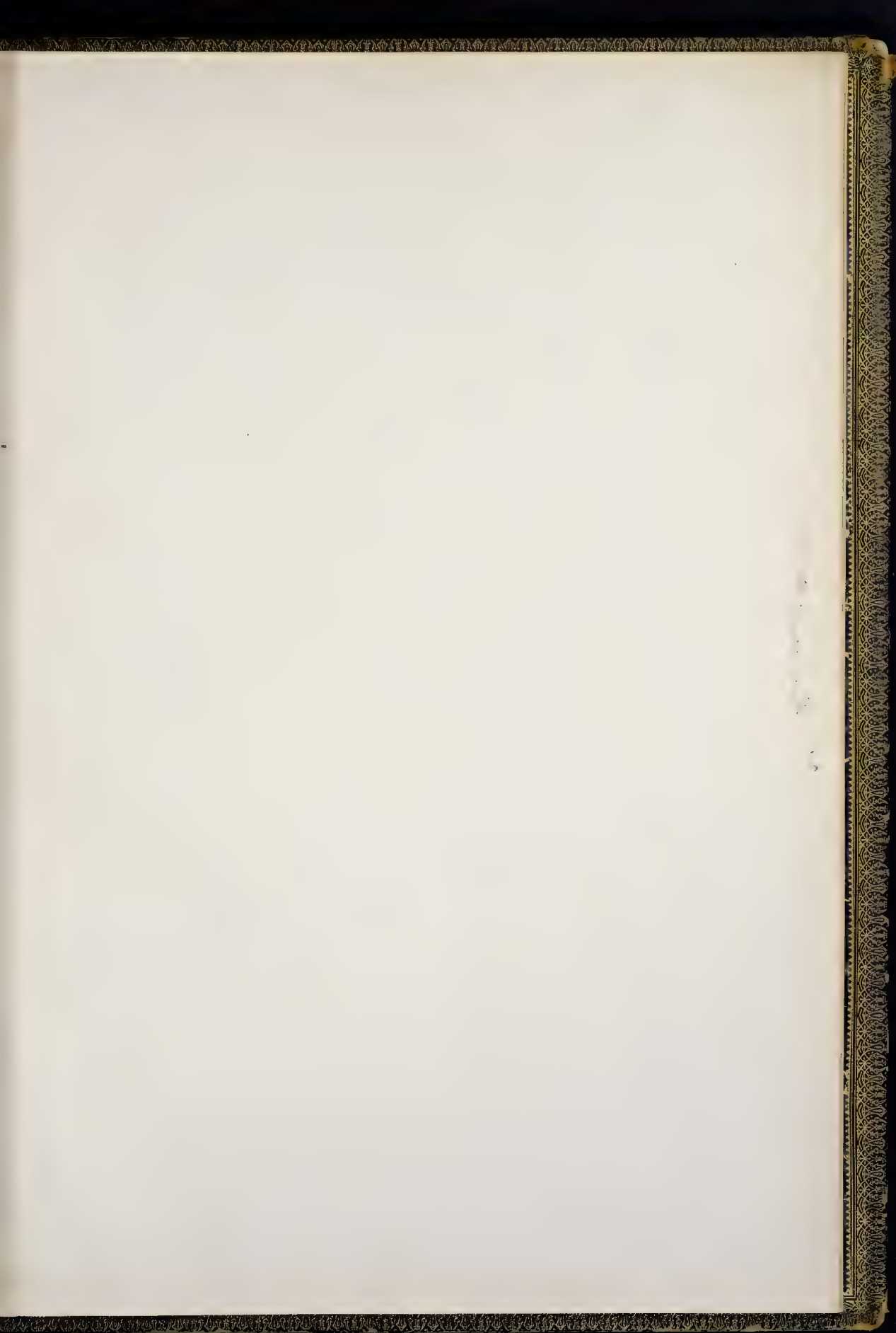


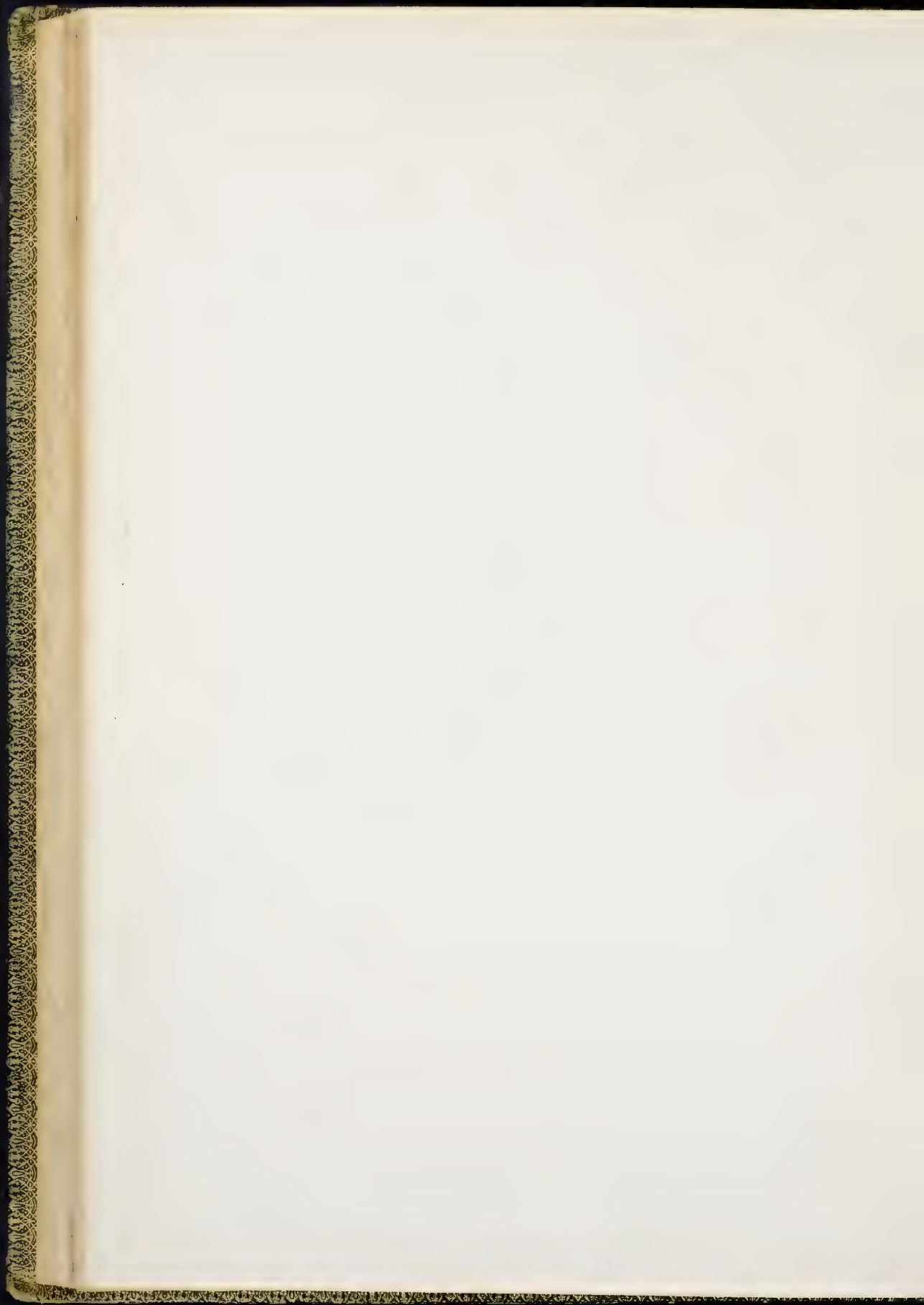
THE HORSE-DEALER.



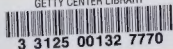
POSSIBLY M. Gérôme, who, as we have seen, essays all rôles, might be said in this painting to have made certain tentative efforts toward qualifying himself for the high post of painter-in-ordinary to his majesty the ruler of the kingdom of the Houyhnhnms. Certainly it is the horse who is the hero of this scene of Eastern merchandising; and if the jockey of the Orient has any kinship to his Western brother, we may reproduce the remark of some fastidious Englishman, that the only objection he entertained to that noble animal, the horse, was on account of the company he kept. As an observing member of the nation most given to equine matters in modern times, the Briton's judgment is entitled to some consideration, and this dusky groom, showing off the paces of his four-footed property, is probably up to all the tricks of Tattersall's. Entirely forgetful for the moment of his dignity as the superior animal, his crouching, pulling run contrasts forcibly with the swift, proud walk of the quadruped, who accepts disdainfully his guidance, and refuses to go any faster for all his urging. The old sheik, who contemplates purchasing this pride of the desert, watches the display with Eastern impassiveness, but, the spectator feels, with a critical judgment which is not easily to be deceived. His son or attendant stands closely behind him, and the horse's owner on the farther side of him. Another figure, high up in the window, looks out with a certain interest in the trafficking, and the white plastered wall of his house forms the most effective of backgrounds for the shining

sorrel coat of the steed. Mohammed, who was not above giving his followers counsel on the most trivial affairs of this life, recommends horses of the same color: "Prosperity is with sorrel horses," says he. "A bay with white forehead, and white fore and hind legs, is best; and a sorrel with white forehead and legs is also good." But "*shikâl*" [or the having the right hind foot and left fore foot, or the right fore foot and left hind foot, white], he judged to be bad in a horse. So that we may hope our steed, now in question, has not his right fore foot, concealed from us, white. This dictum of the Prophet's does not altogether coincide with the old saws, familiar to our childhood, which recommend that a horse with two white feet is at least always to be "tried" before being purchased. "The best horses," says the Koran, "are black, with white foreheads and having a white upper lip; next to these, a black horse with white forehead and three white legs; next to this, a bay horse with these marks." The Arabs are much influenced in their estimation of horses by what they consider lucky or unlucky colors or marks. There is a legend of an old chief and his son pursued by their enemies; the old warrior's sight was failing, and he constantly demanded of his companion the color of their pursuers' horses; so long as they were black, or gray, or white, their safety was assured, and they would reach the tents of their tribe before nightfall; but when the young man declared that there were chestnut horses on their track, the old man pulled up in despair and commended his soul to God, "for who but Allah can deliver us from the chestnut horses!" In the fable of the presumptuous young lion who thought to match his wit against that of the son of Adam, and who accosted every animal that fled into his desert from this mysterious conqueror, "the dust dispersed, and discovered a black horse with a white spot on his forehead like a dirhem [a silver coin]. This horse, beautiful with the white spot on his forehead, handsomely marked with white next the hoof, with becoming legs, and neighing, came before the young lion. And when the young lion beheld him, he admired him, and said to him: 'What is thy genus, O majestic wild beast! and what is the reason of thy fleeing away into this desert?' 'O lord of the wild beasts!' answered the horse, 'I am one of the genus of horses, and the reason of my running away is my flight from the son of Adam. . . . Ask not, O son of the Sultan, what I suffer from the son of Adam!'" The concealed meaning in the last clause is the perfection of equine eloquence.





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